JOHN BULL, APRIL 14, 1928 Vol. XLIII. No. 1138.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

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A FAR BETTER CAMERA — *for less coupons!*

Just imagine! You can get this wonderful All-British Rajar roll-film camera for only

100 COUPONS

Now is your opportunity to be certain of first-class results. Why be satisfied with less?

The Rajar takes photographs 3¼ in. by 2¼ in.—the most popular size. High-class lens that will produce negatives clear enough to make excellent enlargements. Vertical and horizontal view finders. An instance of the extraordinary double value you get by smoking B.D.V.—*better* Cigarettes and *better* gifts.

There are 199 other splendid gifts in the B.D.V. Gift Book (with free voucher for 5 coupons). Send also for the Train Book giving details of Bassett-Lowke and Bing free Model Railways. Post coupons to GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD. (Gift Dept. J.B.), 112, Commercial Street, E.1.

"RAJAR" ROLL FILMS

The equivalent of a faster lens. Use Rajar Roll Films with your Rajar Camera. From all photographic dealers. Standard Price.

B.D.V

CIGARETTES

"— just like hand made"

10 for **6d.** **20** for **11½d.** Plain or **CORK** Tips

Coupons also in every packet of B.D.V. Tobacco, 11d. per oz.

COMPARE THE VALUES WITH OTHER GIFT SCHEMES

H.10

CAMERA CASE

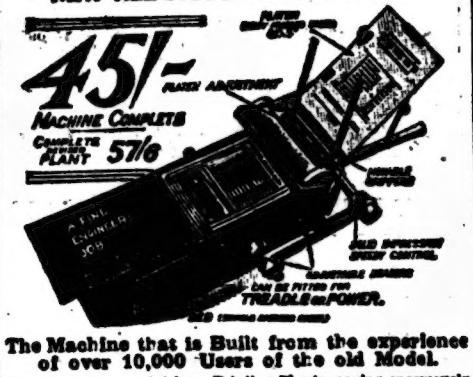
Excellent waterproof case for the Rajar Camera. With shoulder sling and press-stud clips.

50 COUPONS

ADANA AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING

PRINTING MACHINE

NEW ALL-STEEL SUPER-MODEL.



The Machine that is Built from the experience of over 10,000 Users of the old Model.

Over 15,000 users of Adana Printing Plants, saving enormously in their own work, and hundreds making an excellent living. Government Departments, Large Printers and Pig Stores are amongst the many successful owners. Will print any matter from

CHEMIST'S LABEL to an ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

at a really commercial speed, including Perforating and Creasing. Simplicity to the extreme, no special skill required. Hundreds of boys producing school magazines. Real Printers' metal type, case, all complete accessories and fully illustrated instruction book included in plant. Two-coloured illustrated particulars and samples of work sent on receipt of stamp.

BUILT FOR COMMERCIAL USE.

Machines can be shipped abroad C.O.D. cash against document in London. Goods F.O.R. Twickenham.

THE ADANA AGENCY

is a complete organisation for the supply of Printing Office Equipment of every description. Controlled by most highly skilled and long experienced men of the Printing world,

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AND THE
GREAT PYRAMID
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A Series of Special Articles
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To be obtained from Mr. D. DAVIDSON; 47, PARK SQUARE, LEEDS; and WILLIAMS & NORGATE Ltd., 38, GREAT ORMONDE STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

"Bullets" Prize-winners *(Continued from page 35.)*

F. E. MONK, 19, Walery Road, Birmingham.
ADVERTISING—LOCARNO "SPIRIT," RUSSIAN "MOONSHINERS."
C. NEWELL, 3, Broad Street, Presteigne, Radnor.
ADVERTISING—WINTER'S DEAD, SPRING'S FLOWERS. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
A. W. RANSON, 267, Sherrard Road, Manor Park, E.
INDIA—AMANULLAH'S VISIT STRENGTHENING "DOOR."
F. W. REDDAWAY, Holly Farm, Bressingham, Diss.
LITTLE RASCAL—UNDER SEAT—*With* TICKET.
Mrs. H. G. WRIGHT, 27, Ouseley Road, Balham, S.W.
INDIA—"HOTBED"—WE WANT "GARDEN."

25 Prizes of £2 each:

S. M. Baillie, 85, Anne of Cleves Road, Dartford.
M. C. Barnett, 15, Fuller Rd., Chadwell Heath.
Miss A. Church, 8, Stanford Rd., Shefford, Beds.
Mrs. Coles, "The Harp," Bovington, Wareham, Dorset
J. Coote, 10, Willowbank Crescent, Glasgow.
S. C. Crook, 65, Headingley Av., Leeds.
W. Duncan, 69, Lyndoun St., Mauchlin, Ayrshire.
R. M. Durnion, 244, Kirk Rd., Wishaw, N.B.
W. Garfitt, Easton-on-the-Hill, Nr. Stamford.
G. F. Gathergood, Oulton St., Aylsham, Norfolk.
W. Gegg, 21, Llwynmadoc St., Pontypridd.
H. Good, 5, Albemarle St., Harwich, Essex.
G. F. Griffiths, "Antrim," Shoreham-by-Sea.
H. Jordan, 123, Bristol Rd., Birmingham.
Mrs. A. Kemp, 17, Edgecombe Rd., Camberwell, S.E.
A. Knight, 43, St. John's Hill, Shrewsbury.
W. Madden, 65, Summer Seat, Liverpool.
G. Payne, 3, Oxford Rd., Chiswick, W.
A. F. Robinson, 333, Hainton Av., Grimsby.
J. Scarborough, 132, Wortley Rd., Rotherham, Yorks.
J. Storey, 119, Barrow Rd., Bristol.
W. Taylor, 27, Autumn St., Burley Lodge Rd., Leeds.
R. H. Theakston, 6, Selborne Terr., Darlington.
A. J. Tucker, Stower Row, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
Mrs. E. Wood, "Olympia," Laughton, Lewes, Sussex.

5 Prizes of £1 each:

W. E. Birchenough, 52, The Heath, Sandbach, Ches.
M. J. Brennan, Ivy House, Cratloe, Co. Clare.
Mrs. J. Brown, Burnside, Windygates, Fife.
Miss Coles, "Rosemont," Alphington, Nr. Exeter.
Mrs. M. Connolly, Green Lane, Dingle, Co. Kerry.
C. J. Courtney, 35, Henry St., St. John's Wood, N.W.
W. C. Davie, 11, Houghton Place, London, N.W.
R. Dawson, 67, Ogiander Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Mrs. H. Dick, 21, Viewforth Gdns., Edinburgh.
H. H. Edwards, 51, Shore Drive, Port Sunlight.
P. Ennis, 5, Main St., Baldoyle, Co. Dublin.
F. W. Faulkner, 11, Elm Rd., Crumpsall, M/c.
Miss K. Flockhart, 108, Main St., Newhaven, Leith.
W. Hall, 19, Hanley Rd., Sneyd Green, Hanley.
R. Harris, 21, Alpha Pl., Pontypridd.
H. J. Hawkins, 133, Rangefield Rd., Bromley.
R. H. Heather, 55, Southbridge Rd., Croydon.
Mrs. L. Heavens, Stag Hotel, Lewes, Sussex.
H. Hedges, 4, Oak Hill, Tetsworth, Oxon.
Miss Hitchen, 16, Flanderwell Av., Bramley, Yorks.
C. A. Holland, 57, May Lane, Kings Heath, B'ham.
Mrs. Hooker, 30, Redvers Rd., Lewes Rd., Brighton.
H. Hooper, 34, Talbot St., Rugeley, Stafford.
Mrs. A. B. Hunt, 88, Flag Meadow Walk, Worcester.
P. Jackson, 54, Wallbutton Rd., Brockley, S.E.
E. James, 81, Mt. Pleasant Rd., Ebbw Vale, Mon.
B. Johns, 72, Queen's Rd., Gosport.
Mrs. L. Kirchen, West End, Ashwell, Nr. Baldock.
E. Lewis, 4, Berwick Terr., North Hill, Rd., Swansea
Miss M. McEwen, 60, Northcroft Rd., Glasgow.
E. M. Mitchell, 20, Poulter Rd., Alntree.
R. Milton, 101, Old Christchurch Rd., Bournemouth.
Miss M. Mossop, 25, Belle Vue St., Blackburn.
H. M. Munro, 66, Lower Denmark Rd., Ashford, Kent.
R. Nelson, 38, Aberdare Gdns., London, N.W.
G. T. Neville, 41, Elsmore Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.
J. R. Nicholson, 5, Kirkland Rd., New Brighton.
J. H. Nowell, 11, Marsh Rd., Tenby.
E. O'Hara, 90, Gordon Rd., Nottingham.
H. A. Orley, Downside, Leland, Cornwall.
S. G. Phillis, 17, Park Rd., Ashford, Kent.
L. R. Richards, Glaston, Uppingham.
Miss Rudlen, 211, Mount Pleasant Rd., Tottenham, N.
J. Smith, 251, Ince Green Lane, Ince, Wigan.
C. Solly, 81, Bethel Rd., Sevenoaks, Kent.
F. C. Sparks, 122, Dixon St., Swindon.
H. Vessey, 231, Willingham St., Grimsby.
R. Waite, 13, Baythorne Rd., Liverpool.
W. P. Walker, 16, Westville Rd., London, W.
F. Webster, 9, Bury St., Mossley, M/c.

A Complete List of 600 5/- and 1,500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

The original cheque for 3,000 guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 669 will be displayed in the window of The Misses Macphail, West Bridgend, Dumbarton.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Odhams Press Employees are not eligible to compete.

ADVANCE EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 674.

IDEAL COUNTRY—THE UNEMPLOYED—IF I WERE WINSTON—JACK TAR—AMERICA—ENEMY OF MAN—FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE—ONLY A RUMOUR—SPIRIT OF PEACE—WHAT THE ADMIRAL SAID—OUR LIVES—WHAT REALLY HAPPENED—HOME PARLIAMENT—HOUR OF TRIAL—POSSIBLE SOON—MOTHER AND BABY—THE BITER BIT—POLICEMAN'S JOB—MILITARY MACHINE—WHAT IS PROSPERITY?

The "John Bull" Pen worth 18/- and a 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil Free! Total value 17/6. Send six coupons and P.O. for 4/- only, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, and save 13/6. Cash the coupons!

Your name engraved in gold on the pen—6d.

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

VALUE 2/- D.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14 ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Silver-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip 1d. extra. Cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

608 MORE CHEQUES TO REGISTERED READERS

608 more cheques paid to registered readers. A record month!! We give below the names of a few of our readers who benefit this week.

FIRE UP TO £400

CUPAR, FIFE.—Mrs. D. SMITH, Main Street, Springfield.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. T. CHILTON, 5-73, Gt. Francis St, Saltley.
PENYGRAIG, RHONDDA.—Mr. J. GRIFFITHS, 32, Milbourne Street Council Houses.
SPRINGFIELD, FIFE.—Mr. R. SMITH, Main Street.
WHITLAND, CARM.—Mr. I. I. HARRIES, Glyn Cottages, H. Amgoed.
CILFYNYDD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—Mr. G. CULLEN, 82, Mary Street.
DURHAM.—Mr. I. GLENDINNING, 43, Pringle Pl., New Brancepeth.
PETERBOROUGH.—Mr. R. R. SHIP, c/o, Mr. Mennill, Powder Blue, Eye.
TREALAW, RHONDDA.—Mr. J. HUGHES, 15, Brithwennydd Rd.
WAUNARLWYDD, Nr. SWANSEA.—Mr. J. LEWIS, Roseland Rd.

STORM! FLOODS! UP TO £300

SOUTH ASHFORD.—Mrs. ROSE DENNY, 8, Whitfield Cottages.
BRENTFIELD ESTATE, N.W.10.—Mr. J. A. GRANSBY, 5, Conduit Way.
KEITH, KENT.—Mrs. A. CANNON, 111, West Street.
SHREWSBURY. — Mr. ALFRED SMITH, Glen House, Welsh Bridge.
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—Mr. J. PORTER, 11, Stanley Street, Hurst.
GRAVESEND.—Mr. P. BRYANT, 72, West Street.
WEST BROMWICH, STAFFS.—Mrs. M. ASPLAND, 224, Union St.
HAMILTON.—Mr. JOHN DUDDY, 11, Bertram Street, Burnbank.
SHREWSBURY.—Mr. R. J. ROWLANDS, 15A, Abbey Foregate.
SHREWSBURY. — Mr. ENOS FORD, 27, Old Colehan.
ROTHERHITHE, S.E.16.—Mr. S. CHEAL, 823, Rotherhithe St.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

REDDITCH, WORCESTER.—Mrs. J. COLLINS, 16, Peakman Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. I. MCALPINE, 671, Shettleston Road.
SLEAFORD, LINCS.—Mrs. N. M. COATES, Merrillyn, London Road.
HEBBURN, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. A. WELLS, 13, Church Street.
HOLYHEAD.—Mrs. L. WILLIAMS, 1, George Street.
NAZEING, ESSEX.—Mrs. E. PERRY, Back Lane.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. LEADBETTER, 108, Tramway Road, Aigberth.
WREXHAM.—Mrs. C. A ROBERTS, Black Lion Inn, Bersham.
NAPHILL, near HIGH WYCOMBE.—Mrs. M. LAWRENCE, Naphill Stores.

(Newsagents' Bonuses have been sent to the Newsagents concerned.)

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age .....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
.....
Reader's Signature .....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
.....
Date.....

J.B., 14/4/28

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date.....

J.B., 14/4/28

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery Bargains in Stockings, Vests, Ready-mades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide. Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Clydesdale House, Turner St., M/c.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Send for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money making. Wholesale lists free.—H. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a Bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £2-£5 WEEKLY AND BONUS. Run Bedclothing and Drapery Clubs amongst friends. No outlay. All profit. Parties, free.—Grove Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS (Spare Time), CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, DRAPERY, JEWELLERY, GRAMOPHONES and RECORDS. Cash or easy payments. Well supplied with samples. Liberal commission. Men in regular employment should write immediately. Dept. 51, J. E. YORK, LTD., 53a, Buyham Street, London, N.W.1.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your Spare Time; every kind, good profits, 172-page Catalogue free. MAY (178), George St., Birmingham.

BOOTS & Drapery. Spare-time Agents Wtd. Samples, partics. free. Earn £3 wkly. and profits. —Dept. 9, Profit-Sharing Co., Birstall, Leeds.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects." This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you by post in your spare time? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day.—The Wallace Attwood College, 261, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7026.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (introductions guaranteed). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Offices, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee retd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or Credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

50 BOYS wanted—17-20. Free training on Church Army Farm qualifies for reduced fare to Canada.—Capt. Simpson 56, Bryanston St., W.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperia Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—Imperia Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London.

GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD—leave in-the-rut jobs behind you. Get the FREE book, "Happiness and Prosperity." Call, write or 'phone: British School of Selling (Salesmanship, Ltd.), 56, Kingsway, W.C.2. 'Phone: Holborn 0904/0905.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS and earn from £5 to £20 per week. Unique offer to those writing for our free book. "Advertising as a Career."—Dixon Institute of Advertising, Dept. 21, 195, Oxford Street, W.1.

CONDUCTED PARTIES OF WOMEN selected by The Salvation Army will sail to Australia May 24, July 12; NEW ZEALAND, July 30; to CANADA, every fortnight. Work guaranteed in domestic work. Free and Reduced Passages. —Apply at once for particulars of unique facilities and best way. Branch Manager, 5, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Wednesday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEN WANTED to train for positions in the Motor Trade as Chauffeurs, Commercial Drivers, etc. Small Fee, Unlimited tuition. Day or night. M.D.U. official Certificate. No extras. Call or write for details.—Motor Drivers Union, 38, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

POLICE Entrance Examination. Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed.—For partics. write Service Correspondence College, Newbury.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8118.

BUY BRITISH Tanned Leather for Repairs, parcels 5/6, 7/6 & 10/6, postage paid.—Regent Leather Co., Ltd., Normanton Road, Derby.

KNITTERS wtd. to work Border Scotch Wools, Hand or Machine fr. 12 oz. Spies. all qualities Free. Border Wools, 160, New Bridge St., E.C.4.

PULLOVERS. All Wool, fancy designs, 4/- from SANTA KLAUS, 45, Rue de Turenne, Paris. Send 2½d. for bargain list.

THE advertisement of Kenyon Clark, Ltd., on page 12, is well worth reading. By forwarding the coupon readers can obtain the K.C. 1928 pattern books, together with some interesting K.C. details. Do it now.

TO SUFFERERS FROM BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA

CATARRH and HAY FEVER

When every other medicine has failed to bring relief—

turn to the one remedy endorsed by a Royal Physician.....

THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN, who endorsed Dr. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE

Price 3/- and 5/- per bottle. Obtainable from Boots, Taylors Drug Co., Timothy White, Needhams, Squires, and all leading Chemists, or direct post free (C.O.D.) from address on coupon.

The recognised treatment for counteracting Asthma and Bronchitis is Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure. It is a liquid cure, taken in teaspoonful doses, which speedily attacks the internal root cause of the disease, banishing the struggle for breath and enabling the wearied sufferer to sleep peacefully and rise next morning refreshed.

A free booklet by B. W. HAIR, M.D., will be sent post free to all who mail the coupon below. It explains the cause and treatment of Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever and Catarrh, and gives valuable information on diet and hygiene.

Dr. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR

FREE BOOK of ADVICE

To Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure Ltd. (Dept. 69), 164, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Please send me a copy of Dr. Hair's Booklet.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN..... J.B., 14.4.28.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and List H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. — West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants Cat. free. Satis. guarntd.—Liverpool Pottery, 34, Buralem, Stffs.

WALLPAPERS.—"Eclipse" 1928 designs, book of 175 patts. from 2½d. roll, free on application.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Rd., Leeds.

TYPEWRITERS from 50/- guaranteed. Instalments from 10/- monthly. All makes stocked. List free.—Ruffs, 21a, Bath Street, Glasgow.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

KNITTING WOOL, 3/3 Grey Mixture, 3/10 lb. Drab & Camel. Post Free. Special value for Socks, etc. Patterns of serges from 3/6 yd.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

FREE PRIZES!—H. Samuel gives a prize gift with every article purchased from his Big Book of 3,000 Bargains. Buy direct from the Factory and save half. Month's full trial and money back if not satisfied. Lady's or Gent's Nickelled Wrist Watch, 5/6. Gent's Nickelled Pocket Watch, 3/9; 5-stone Diamond, half-hoop Ring, 39/-. Any article sent C.O.D.—Write to-day for the Free Bargain Book and particulars of Free Prizes.—H. SAMUEL, LTD. (Dept. 199), Market Street, Manchester.

A FREE Copy of the new Drage Book—one of the greatest books on furnishing—will be sent to readers sending the coupon in the Drage advertisement on page 23.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA. Buy direct, save middleman's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb., 6/6, 10 lb., 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Special quotation for larger quantities.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 85-piece Layette, 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Mat Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins. Genuine bargain. First in qualty. Send 2/- for pcl.; appro. —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S Lovely Layette, 30/-. 85 Grntd. Garments; Shawls, Flanns., Robes, Gowns, Vests, Mat Coats, Naps., etc. Send 2/- for pcl. Appro. willingly.—Mrs. B. Barker, 31a, Brougham Rd., Southsea.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South St, London, E.C.2.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Liste free.—Palmer's, 136, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 54-56, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (387B), Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful Skin Secret of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the Skin to purity and comfort, 3/-, at Boots', Taylor's and all Chemists.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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A FREE sample of ELASTO for bad legs and a free booklet are offered on page 22.

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BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE.—£200 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 21. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese or label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Thursday, April 19th, 1928. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts.

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1834	TIRED HANDS (Worryin')	*Waltz*	Adrian Schubert's Dance Orchestra
1860	SUGAR (Give Me a Night in June)	*Fox Trot*	Sam Lanin's Dance Orchestra
1859	I FELL HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE (A Shady Tree)	*Fox Trot*	Sam Lanin's Dance Orchestra
1857	SO TIRED (Baby Feet Go Pitter Patter)	*Fox Trot*	Fred Rich's Dance Orchestra
1849	UNDER THE MOON (What Do We Do On a Dew Dey Dewy Day)	*Duet*	The Radio Imps
1843	DIANE (I'm in Heaven when I See You Smile)	*Waltz*	Adrian Schubert's Dance Orchestra
1832	GONNA GET A GIRL (Here I am Broken-hearted)	*Fox Trot*	Sam Lanin's Dance Orchestra
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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Money in Politics.

When Parliament meets after Easter, it will have the rare experience of a free hand in voting on a matter of real importance—the cost of Parliamentary elections. Political campaigning costs too much already. The more politics cost, the more the country will be ruled by money-bags.

Pennies by the Million.

On the present "per voter" allowance for expenses of 7d. in counties and 5d. in boroughs, the five million new voters will raise the cost to the candidates at a General Election by well over £100,000.

M.P.s "On the Dole."

The Labour Party—its funds badly hit by the abolition of the trade union levy—is naturally alarmed at a further "freeze out." But pauperising of politics must be checked.

Forty to One.

One of the comedies of politics is the attempt of a single newspaper to manufacture a Tory revolt against the Equal Franchise Bill. It is a case of straw without bricks, considering that among over 600 M.P.s the avowed opponents numbered fifteen.

Non-Party.

Equal franchise for women was really a foregone conclusion. Like many other historic reforms, it seemed a matter of course when it happened.

Spoiling the Show.

The Conservative Party managers are all out to rake in the new voters—witness the appointment of a woman as third engineer of the Party machine. It's an astute move; but will it work?

Cash on Delivery.

There is no "cod" about C.O.D. It catches on. We can take pride in seeing the Post Office extend the system to registered letters and railway parcels, since we were the first and warmest advocates of the whole system.

A Stir in the Pot.

"Wheels within wheels" are moving in the linked matters of Allied debts, German reparations and the American proposal for outlawry of war. It is rather a deep game, but before the summer is out some surprises may be sprung.

Same Old Tale.

"Get on with the job yourselves in the best way you can" is the answer of the Government to Lancashire's request for an enquiry into the state of the cotton industry. As an epitome of the Government's attitude on all vexatious questions, it sums up the situation admirably.

Don't Despair.

A long littered trail of broken pledges and promises strews the political roadway. That's the reason why there must be no abstention from the polls when next they open. Good men are in every Party. See that they get their chance.

Shopping Costs More.

Consumers have the doubtful satisfaction of knowing from the Trade and Industry Report just issued that the cost of distribution is a greater percentage of the price of goods than that put on by manufacturer to purchaser. In plain words, retail profits are excessive.

Danger!

Talk of "high cost of production" must not lead to a movement for low wages. That way ruin lies. Money is made to circulate, and one of the best ways is to pay living wages.

One After Another.

Five accidents and crashes, maiming many men and killing four, is just one recent day's total for the R.A.F. In peace or war we find war's machinery too costly—particularly in human life.

Fish is Eaten.

While the British trawling industry sinks to decay, more and more foreign-caught fish is eaten in this country. Fleets not kept up to date cannot compete in capturing markets. That's one reason.

Tariffs Are Silly.

Those who advocate the improvement of fishing by imposition of taxes on "foreign" fish forget the main point. We still export half as much again as we import. Why invite retaliation?

Go Ahead.

A thorough exploration of the sea to discover new fishing-grounds might work wonders. If the Government forgets, that during the war when the call was for mine-sweepers, fishermen responded most gallantly, we don't.

Good.

Recent tests at employment exchanges show only 2 per cent. of the persons registered are "unemployable." It is one of the biggest reasons yet for getting a move on to end all unemployment.

The White Hope.

Lord Eustace Percy hopes that "reorganisation of the Board will give the inspectorate a new position as a national intelligence service on all questions of education." Well, we can certainly do with a lot more intelligence at Whitehall.

Homeless!

"I have been parted from my husband for two and-a-half years," says a reader, "because we can't get a house for love or money and our furniture is stored." That's how women are made to "evade" motherhood in this country.

Land Hunger.

A further 200 plots of land in Australia made available for wheat and sheep brought an unprecedented rush of applicants. There will be a rush for land in this country when our Government shows similar perspicacity.

Five Hundred Guineas!

What a "fee" for a few words! It may be yours if you use one of these "Bullets" coupons on page 35.

A Complaint.

Firms complain that in some districts "boy labour" is dear, while in others it "exists on the dole." The remedy proposed is cheap "transference." Ours would be to set the fathers to work and keep the children at school.

Wasted Man-Power.

Of 10,000 cases investigated, unemployment was found to be heaviest in men of twenty-five to twenty-nine. Militarism is the direct cause. They are mostly men recently discharged from the Armed Forces.

Doubtful Cargo.

Bristol aeroplanes, bought in England, have been unloaded at Vera Cruz for the Mexican Army. We would rather hear of British ploughs and other instruments of agriculture being unloaded. It would be better for us and much better for Mexico.

Outlawry of War.

M. Briand believes that a universal agreement on peace arbitration can be arrived at. So do we. All that is needed is the will of the people.

Cheer Up!

The blindest must see that in spite of set-backs the movement towards world disarmament goes forward. It is in the interest of some people to throw dust in the eyes of the public. But "peace moves."

Less Retail Profit?

"Dealers are becoming nervous" at the rapid rise in potato prices, runs a market report. But what of housewives with baskets to fill? When bread and potatoes are dear, food for the poorest is nil.

It Must Pass.

Commander Kenworthy's Bill to include teachers within the scope of the Widows', Orphans' and Old-Age Contributory Pensions Act must become law. That valuable service to the nation should render persons liable to destitution as at present is shameful.

No Wonder.

At the end of four and a half days' threshing at one Yorkshire farm nearly one thousand rats were killed. More workers on the land would mean fewer of such vermin. It's a tragedy that rats are there and men are not.

Trees and Flowers.

Garden cities are the solution of the problem of town ugliness. Space and air were given for all. Selfish wickedness alone keeps them shut away from the many and open only to the few.

Not Nice.

A big wave of crime swept over this country during 1926 and is still hardly abated. That's what industrial disputes and strikes do to a country, and those who suffer worst are the workers.

Progress.

Factories and works springing up in the green fields of Middlesex are wakening into life sleepy hamlets. Industry spells prosperity. It need not spell dreariness. Town-planning must accompany trade expansion.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

A Woman's Job.

The provinces must follow the Metropolitan police courts in employing women police to take the children's statements in cases of assault. It is obviously a woman's job to elicit from the young people the sad facts that are so vital to the dispensing of justice.

Kiddies' Holidays.

In 1927, 1,088 Nottingham boy and girl convalescents were sent for a fortnight to Skegness by the Poor Girls' and Boys' Camp Society. Many had to be refused through lack of funds. But why should essential social work of this character be dependent on private charity?

Oh, That Food Council!

The fishermen of St. Ives sell ling for 1½d. per pound. It is retailed to the consumer at 8d. and 9d. a pound. Our statements are authenticated by the Cornwall Sea Fisheries Committee, and can be relied upon. Who pockets the difference? We offer no prizes for the solution.

Listen-in to This!

Many rapacious landlords are seeking to extort from their tenants a fee for an aerial. We definitely assure our readers that, unless there is a specific clause in the agreement to the contrary effect, the charge is totally illegal and cannot be enforced. Tenants should flatly refuse to pay.

Somebody Sleeps.

Isiah and Charles Hughes, youths of Newport, can neither read nor behave themselves. Their fines of a guinea and half a guinea respectively for obstructing while drunk a policeman reflects no great credit on the local education committee. Somebody clearly needs stirring up.

Idle Hands.

Ernest Day, of Worksop, must pull himself up. Already placed three times on probation, he has now been fined £2 for stealing a watch and alarm-clock with Gordon Mills. Both are unemployed pit lads, and it is a tragic little sidelight on the demoralising atmosphere that has settled on our once-prosperous coalfields.

Lie-Abed.

Abusing his health by lying in bed for eleven weeks, having thrown up work at Christmas because it was too cold, Joseph Lowes, of Gateshead, is a master sluggard. Glad though we are that he is to do hard labour for three months, our thoughts are with the crippled son of thirteen whom he neglected. Is he being cared for?

Wild Words.

Richard Burgess, a Sheffield labourer, is lucky to be behind prison bars for only six months. Though his murderous attack on his wife came to no more, his assertion that he could "do her in" and not be touched, as his father died in a lunatic asylum, suggests that he needs more than prison to adjust his frame of mind.

Careless Nurse.

To allow a seven-months-old baby suffering from bronchitis to be scalded by water escaping from a hot-water bottle is gross carelessness. The nurse who so treated Dorothy Beaumont, though the child's death from pneumonia subsequent to her discharge from the Belgrave Hospital for Children, Clapham, may have nothing to do with it, needs severely taking to task.

Child's Tragic Fate.

Hearing a cry, "Oh, Mummie," William Whiting, a boy of nine, rushed on to the Southern Railway lines at Bromley and tried to pull his little friend Edward England off a live rail, but medical evidence showed that the latter had been killed instantaneously. Warning notices are displayed and a 6-ft. barbed wire fence erected, but as this is the second fatality in the area, we think it highly desirable that more effective precautions should be taken, and a watchman or policeman detailed to safeguard the children.

More Madness.

Insane persons chargeable to London rates, including criminal lunatics and private patients in London county mental hospitals, on January 1 last, numbered 25,023, compared with 24,863 in 1927. What more moving plea for the complete sterilisation of the already insane could be set down?

Probation Better.

The percentage of subsequent offences committed by offenders in a period of five years since being put on probation in Cardiff in 1923 is 31, compared with 54 in 1922. Magistrates should consider these figures as speaking for themselves in favour of binding over offenders whenever possible.

Food Hog.

At Pontypool Poor-law Institution nurses have not enough to eat, and complain of bad treatment, while a woman official is alleged to hoard their rations, including eggs and tinned fruit. The House Committee, most slack in not enquiring before into the reason for a continually changing staff, must get down to brass tacks.

Old Age Misery.

When industry is something more than a profit-making institution, its veterans, after forty and fifty years in the mills, will not have to live out their days in cellars that are not fit for human beings, on a beggarly pittance of three or four shillings a week, as Canon Bowker says they are doing in his parish at Bradford. We agree.

Hand Work.

Sixty-six years old, blind in one eye through an accident, Mrs. Brettle, of Lye, in "The Black Country," makes special hand-wrought nails of a quality so superfine that contracts reach her from even so far away as South America. We hope the price is worth the toil, for the nails of Mrs. Brettle's make are better for horse-shoes than anything machinery can turn out.

The Human Machine

Don't Dither!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

DON'T be afraid of making mistakes. A mistake can always be put right, and it is better to spend a little time in putting a mistake right than never to do anything at all!

The man who is afraid to make a mistake is usually a man of indecisive mind. Indecision is the bogey-man of life. There is nothing that so destroys the possibility of action.

"Mental dithers," I call it. To have an indecisive mind is to be in the position of the silly people who behave like a startled hen in front of a motor-car, and run here and there and end up by being run over.

People who suffer from "mental dithers" do the same with life. When they are faced with a crisis they look backwards and forwards. They end up by doing nothing and life passes them by.

THEIR greatest fear seems to be that they may do a wrong thing. I think it is better to do a wrong thing sometimes than to do nothing at all.

Don't dither! Act! Act decisively and act with vigour. Nine times out of ten you will be right, and if you are wrong the tenth time admit your mistake and put it right.

Besides, there are always people to help you if you go wrong. The man nobody ever wants to help is the man who is never willing to make a move. There is not much pleasure to be got out of pushing an unwilling horse.

Dangerous Push.

Hysterical, unstable, but not insane, William Kemp, a Mansfield miner, having twice been in an asylum and served three years' penal servitude for housebreaking, has been sent to five years' penal servitude for burglary. What tragic waste of time. Why push a man of twenty-eight towards becoming a criminal for life? What he wants is a capable doctor.

Cruel Torture.

With a poor bird fastened to a stake, a Barnsley man, John Hanson, has been raiding Nature's wild choir, its fluttering for freedom causing other birds to settle on bird-lime to their doom. Hanson's snaring methods being one of the worst, he is lucky not to be a prisoner himself. His escape with a fine of 20s. and the loss of his snares should be a warning to him.

He Gave His Life.

Operating on an abscess on a boy's arm, Dr. Thomas Hill Bishop, of Bedford Park, London, scratched one of his fingers, which became septic and caused his death. That operations are daily performed in safety should not blind our eyes to the risks incurred. He died a gallant death, of whom it may be said, "He saved another; himself he could not save."

Wanton Youth.

Plumbing the depths of meanness in robbing his widowed mother of £2, scaling the heights of folly by refusing to be bound over at the wish of the Alfreton magistrates and getting himself sent to a month's hard labour, Arthur Gibson Hartwell is a grave indictment against society. Parents have it in their own hands by wise early training to eliminate these mockeries of manhood.

Good for All.

An industrial welfare investigation in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, after interviewing 14,815 persons over sixty-five years of age, found that less than 25 per cent. are dependent on relatives and less than 2 per cent. receive any aid from charity. The workers' prosperity, as expressed in good wages, always pays, and pays the Government best of all.

Away with Ponies!

The House of Lords may refute the charges of cruelty to pit ponies as much as it likes, but the fact remains that in 1925, 60,852 were employed underground, 44 per 1,000 were killed by accident, and 36 per 1,000 were destroyed because of disease or old age. Animals are still being worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day. Mechanical haulage must come and come now in new pits without delay.

Another Housing Scandal.

"It is horrible and appalling and in some way this condition of things must be stopped immediately," Judge Moore may well declare in adjourning a Bermondsey landlord's application for possession of a house in Neckinger Street in which seventeen people, including adolescent boys and girls, are living in four rooms. It is more than appalling. It is a terrific indictment of a supine Government.

The Proper Cure.

Three months' hard labour is not going to benefit Arthur Pond, a Norwich hawker, of no fixed home, for stealing 17s. 6d. from a fellow stallkeeper while drunk. Since he has the doubtful distinction of being before the court fifty-two times, the last occasion being in September, 1927, when he was fined for being drunk and disorderly, he needs a long term of curative treatment—preferably with hard work attached.

Untutored Savagery.

Whatever the cause of offence taken by the parishioners of Galleywood, near Chelmsford, we have nothing but condemnation for the methods chosen to express their displeasure. To throw soot and rotten eggs at a vicar may seem funny, but it shows up the demonstrators as lawless hooligans. The Rev. Francis Roughton will be acting in the interests of good order if he takes action.

Senseless Summons.

Duncan Laird, of Cowie, has a family of eight, and is without work. Only his 35s. unemployment benefit stands between them and starvation. Yet when three of his boys had neither boots nor warm clothing, and could not go to school, he was summoned before the magistrates. It was well for the authorities we were not on the bench!

Workers' Danger.

The death of Walter Leadbeater, an Armley employee, from bronchial pneumonia and fibrosis of the lungs, hastened by asbestos dust, must wake up local medical officers. Dr. H. de Carle Woodcock, the Leeds specialist, made a plea that asbestos workers should be examined regularly. This is in danger of being ignored unless authorities insist on a rigorous inspection of such factories.

The Black Squad.

Once again the pluck of the Black Squad has been proved. A naval launch carrying warrant officers and their womenfolk to a dance at the Royal Naval Barracks, Devonport, collided with a ferry and sunk. Stoker Bogwell shut off steam and drew the fires, preventing an explosion. In doing so he went down with the launch, but Warrant Shipwright Watts dived into the water and saved him. Gallant fellows both.

Railway Blunder.

A gang of forty-five men working at the entrance to a tunnel near Winchcombe, Gloucester, ceased work to let a goods train pass. Almost immediately they were all run down by a rail motor-car and two were killed and others seriously injured. It is amazing that such a dreadful disaster could occur in daylight, for it is understood that the signal-boxes control all lines. Who is to blame?

Booting the Barmaid.

The fanatical element of the Temperance Party is, we learn, about to launch a campaign against the barmaid. On what grounds, or what it hopes to gain by such tactics, it is difficult to see. The barmaid earns her living as morally and honestly as any, and to throw her upon the rates will benefit none and injure many. Some people have very nasty minds, and one cannot say a great deal for their heads.

It's Cricket.

There is much wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst the unco guid of Leamington Spa because the local cricket club has decided to play Sunday matches during the coming season. The Leamington Club is one of the most famous amateur combinations in the Midlands. For the life of us we fail to see why people who are shut up all the week should not watch, or even play, a game of cricket on their one full day of leisure.

Etiquette for Employees.

The proprietors of a Birmingham firm have drawn up a set of rules stipulating how employees should dress and how they should behave, not only while actually on the spot, but also when coming to and going from work. They must not look up except when absolutely necessary, and on no account when strangers are present. But they forgot just one thing; they omitted to tell their staff that it might breathe.

Counting the Cost.

When giving evidence at the trial of Albert Symmons, of Paddington Green, found guilty of murdering his wife, Dr. Oglesby stated that towards the end of November the prisoner became definitely insane. The physician declined to certify him, however, owing to the state of the law. "I can't afford £5,000," he remarked. Medical men must be given greater protection in such circumstances, for a lunatic at large is a public danger.

Dead Sea Fruit.

Five years ago, a Leeds man, William Croft, was tempted to go to Australia by posters. But his experience has been much different to the picture of "advantages and opportunities" offered if his story is true. "I have been workless for five years, though trying to find it," he says; "I have tramped hundreds of miles in the hope of getting a job, and for want of better lodgings have had to sleep in a prison-cell." What does Australia say?

Suicide or——?

After fighting for life and freedom for eight hours, a fox leapt from a height of 50 ft. into the lake at Ullswater. Not satisfied, the hunters employed boatmen to go out and "rescue the fox"—ostensibly to finish the fight. A merciful Creator permitted the fox to rest at the bottom of the lake, for that, apparently, was the only thing which would keep the fiends at bay.

A Bad Name.

"Lynn," declares Mr. R. G. Errington, of the local Finance Committee, "has always been regarded as a place where they keep the workmen down as low as possible, and it is time they received more humane treatment." That 75 per cent. of the men employed by the corporation are ex-Service men with fine records and that the wages paid do not exceed 10¼d. an hour, is proof of his statement. We should like those members who voted against increase to take home 38s. weekly to their own wives.

Kind Hearts.

There was "only 2d. in the house," testified the police when Charles Goodyear, at Marylebone, was charged with loitering with intent to commit a felony in Maida Vale. "He is an ex-soldier who has travelled over England and Wales in a vain search for work, and last night kept vigil by the bedside of his dying child." As a result of this publicity, the public have sent many letters with money for Goodyear. If sympathy could do the trick no man would want. But what is needed is employment.

Unusual Bargain Sale.

The latest circulars being sent out by the H. Jack Sales Service, Ltd., of 1, Bloomsbury Mansions, London, W.C., are highly amusing. This concern, the directors of which are now M. O. Edmonson and M. E. Mace, hopes to conduct a bargain sale of a most singular character. The circulars state that it has 147 "slightly soiled" copies of its course of "sales letter training" at what is almost "a give-away figure"—49s. A bargain "sell" would be an apter title.

One Way of Selling a Pen.

Unsolicited circulars are at present being sent out by S. W. Morris, of Excel House, Whitcomb Street, London, who calls himself the British Publicity Service. He states that there are a few vacancies on "outdoor staff" for persons to address envelopes. To secure this work one has to send 5s. 6d. for a fountain-pen "valued at 10s. 6d.," but the circular closes with the proviso that the British Publicity Service cannot undertake to start its outdoor workers immediately. Strange terms for selling a pen!

Clairvoyant Closes Down.

Following the publication of our article concerning Madame Jesta, the fortune-teller, of 179, Railway Approach, Shepherd's Bush, W., certain changes have been introduced. A gentleman who recently telephoned for an appointment was informed that Madame had closed down her business at Shepherd's Bush. She was prepared, however, to visit the gentleman at his house on the strict understanding that he got together four or five friends who were also anxious to have their fortunes told. Madame is an enterprising mystic.

Jolt for a Job-seeker.

A North London reader answered an advertisement calling for a traveller. He did not get the job, but the advertiser, S. Houston, a whisky merchant of Killermont Street, Glasgow, now offers £1 on every account he opens with a bookmaker recommended by the job-seeker. He is doing this, he says, at the instance of a cousin, who is a commission-agent; and he is doing it so thoroughly, we would add, that his communication takes the form of a circular letter accompanied by a printed application slip.

"JOHN BULL" FREE INSURANCE GIFT

608 MORE CHEQUES

For Registered Readers

See page 2.

Problems of Life

The Spirit that Wins

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE other day I happened to be present at a religious service held in memory of a departed friend who was also a friend of Mr. Lloyd George. The famous statesman attended in person and mingled freely with the Free Church ministers and others assembled in the vestry before and after the public function.

The Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George

As I watched him conversing with the grave and dignified men around him, men of simple goodness of heart, but of no high social importance, I asked myself, What is the secret of this man's power?

I think I know the answer to the question. The profound impression he has made upon the world is due to a rare combination of qualities, of which perhaps the most effective has been his cheery courage, a litheness of spirit which has never deserted him in the darkest hour.

This I should rate as pre-eminent among his many gifts. We all know that he has others, great ones too, but this ranks first.

He has immense natural abilities; one has only to glance at his fine head to be sure of that. The fire of genius burns in his eyes; he has a healthy and vigorous body which he takes care to keep fit.

BUT not all these put together could have raised him to the position he occupies, or enabled him to do the work he has done in the service of his country if they had not been backed by that indomitably bright spirit of his.

We remember what we owed to it during the war.

He never despaired, never gave in, never wasted time in mourning over defeat or prophesying ultimate disaster.

The British electorate may trust him to lead the nation again or it may not, but the doubtful prospect seems to make no difference to his attitude to life; he always comes up smiling and bears his burdens lightly.

There is a great lesson in this for the rest of us. It is not all a matter of temperament either, but chiefly a matter of habit and will.

MANY people lose heart at the smallest breath of adversity or even the threat of it. They let their hands drop by their sides and dismiss all hope from their minds.

They make such dismal plaint over trifling troubles that they have no reserves left wherewith to meet great ones; they could not make louder moan over the loss of all they hold dearest on earth than they habitually do over the smallest worry or disappointment.

One could hardly desire a richer blessing than that of the ability to rise above discouragement and make the best of every situation as it comes along.

Like so many other blessings, it is ours for the taking, but if neglected it will fly away.

SHOCKING IDENTITY BLUNDER

THE TWO MARY WALLACES

Our New Evidence

THE other day we were visited by a distressed husband, who begged our assistance in giving publicity to the circumstances in which his wife Mary Rycroft had been severely sentenced for what, he claimed, was her first transgression.

He was a resident in North London, and it appears that his wife had been guilty of a foolish lapse in endeavouring to exchange certain articles purchased from an Oxford Street store for similar, but cheaper, articles in an establishment at Kensington, in order to get a refund on the difference in price.

In this thoughtless act she had picked up a bill discarded by another customer and had presented it as her own.

Mary Rycroft, who due to mistaken identity, is serving a sentence of six months' hard labour

Of course, this clumsy effort at deception was instantly discovered, and the lady ultimately found herself in the West London Police Court, charged with endeavouring to obtain money and goods by false pretences.

Fully regretting her rash act, and anxious to save her husband and children from disgrace, this distracted woman gave her maiden name of Mary Wallace.

Her choice proved an unhappy one, and by a cruel caprice of Fate her well-meaning gesture has brought an unmerited burden of trouble upon her.

For when her case came up for hearing some most damning statements were made against her.

A detective stated that she had given very little information about herself, but that there was "reason to believe" that she and her husband had been living by fraud for some time.

The police officer then asserted that the accused had been employed as a secretary by a lady in St. George's Square, S.W., and had got into debt with tradespeople. She had also obtained some furniture on the hire-purchase system and had sold it.

Bad blunder

The accused woman declared tearfully that all these accusations were false and claimed that it must be a case of mistaken identity. But in spite of her protestations she was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

Impressed by the sincerity of her husband on the occasion of his visit, we decided to investigate this case thoroughly, and as a result of our enquiries we are firmly convinced that a grave blunder has been made.

Let us say at the outset that we have no wish to defend this misguided lady's admitted lapse.

That she erred cannot be disputed; but we would say most emphatically that she has never been in any trouble before and has brought up a large family in a manner that reflects nothing but credit upon her.

We have satisfied ourselves that the detective blundered and that it was a case of mistaken identity.

Unfortunate coincidence

We ourselves have interviewed the lady in St. George's Square, and she assures us that the person sentenced by Mr. Marshall at the North London Police Court is not the lady she employed.

In the same way, we have interviewed two salesmen of the furniture dealers mentioned, and independently they have given their decisive opinion that the convicted woman is not the offender whom they are anxious to trace.

By a most unhappy coincidence, this lady's maiden name tallies with the name of a married woman, a Mrs. Mary Wallace; and it is the latter's record that was so unfairly attributed to the convicted lady.

We are also able to reproduce the portraits of both ladies on this page, and these, taken in conjunction with the facts we now propose to divulge, should carry all the conviction necessary.

It is Mrs. Mary Wallace who owes the St. George's Square lady upwards of £100 and who has run up debts with numerous tradespeople in the vicinity.

We have been able to trace several firms which are anxious to find her, one being a general stores, with which Mrs. Wallace ran up an account for £26 14s. 6d.

Many victims

Another firm of general ironmongers has been left to whistle for an item of £36 odd, while certain house decorators have performed work to the value of £80 or more without succeeding in extracting so much as a halfpenny from the missing Mary.

The furnishing company already referred to is a creditor for a sum of £180, and it is not alone, for another furnishing concern from which Mary Wallace obtained £150 worth of furniture is clamouring for £113 still outstanding.

At one time Mary and her husband opened an estate-office in Charlwood Street, and since they left, leaving the rent unpaid, the landlords have been besieged by anxious callers at an average of six a day!

About a year ago, Mary Wallace got into touch with a gentleman and informed him that she had obtained the lease of a large house in St. George's Square. She then persuaded him to stand guarantor for an overdraft at a bank in King's Road, Chelsea, for £200.

This overdraft was covered by an agreement and stood for a year, and repayment was to commence in October, 1927, and finish by March of this year.

Mary, however, did not abide by this agreement, but kept on putting off the gentleman.

Finally, at the close of last year she wrote to say that she was arranging to sell her lease and would pay the entire amount of the guarantee into the bank immediately the transaction was completed.

In February she wrote again to say that the transaction had been accomplished, but that she was still unable to clear the debt. Since then the gentleman has heard nothing.

Yet all the time Mary was embarking upon fresh activities. She obtained the lease of a house in Eccleston Square at a rental of £300 a year.

At the end of the first quarter the rent was not paid and it was discovered that Mary was attempting to sub-let without authority to do so and was trying to obtain a premium of between £300 and £500.

While this was going on, she also obtained the lease of a farm in the Thames Valley, but, with characteristic nonchalance, contrived to evade the formality of paying anything in the way of rent.

Up to the police

She also got in touch with another gentleman, to whom she offered the unexpired lease of the premises in St. George's Square.

Mary Wallace, for whom Mary Rycroft was mistaken.

He paid her £1,000, and although he was supposed to collect rentals as from the commencement of this year, he has discovered that Mary has duped him most audaciously.

For the rents had been paid up to July this year and there is also a mortgage on the rents of which he knew nothing, as Mary had remained discreetly silent.

As a result, this unfortunate gentleman will not make a penny out of the property for over two years. But Mary has disappeared with his £1,000.

This, then, is the audacious woman who has been so absurdly confused with a chance offender, with the unhappy result that the latter must now endure a sentence of six months' hard labour.

It is surely the duty of the Home Secretary to call for a report on the matter without delay. It is also up to the police to pursue their enquiries a little further and endeavour to trace the elusive Mary Wallace, who, as we have shown, has a great deal to answer for.

Kennedy the Kidder

A Tale for Lambs

SOME little time ago we told the story of Ken Kennedy—"Composer, Arranger and Musical Director"—and what he thought of our immortal Shakespeare's work.

He decided that "wedded to his own melodious music" one of the sonnets would "make a really capital song" and he obligingly explained that he was prepared to do this for the modest sum of £3 13s. 6d.

At an interview with and in a letter from the gentleman in question, Mr. Ken Kennedy gave us an undertaking that certain of his business methods would be altered in the near future.

But from facts which have now come to our notice it would seem that he has not lived up to this desirable undertaking.

At the old game

In other words, Ken is still at the old game. He addressed the following letter to the lady who submitted Shakespeare's sonnet as her own work:

"Dear Miss,——Further to our previous correspondence with reference to your lyric entitled . . . . I have considered the matter afresh and am still of the opinion that your poem is good.

"In these circumstances, therefore, I venture to enquire whether you would like me to forward an excellent music setting free of charge, you to pay me 10 per cent. of your royalties in the event of successful publication, and to contribute the sum of £1 1s. towards my out-of-pocket expenses incurred in connection with the cost of having the accompaniment written up by an expert arranger.

"I have already prepared a setting, and on receipt of your acceptance, together with remittance of £1 1s., I will have it arranged in professional style.

"I am only able to make this special offer as I have confidence in the number, and feel that after this initial transaction we can get together on many more of your lyrics.

"Awaiting your reply with interest, yours sincerely,

(Signed) "KEN KENNEDY."

Of course, Ken is the best judge of his own work, but we imagine that as he has already "prepared the setting" it is quite unnecessary for him to "have it arranged in professional style"!

Not the least interesting aspect of Ken's unbusinesslike methods is the fact that he has made *precisely the same offer to another lady reader* in very slightly different words, although he assures them both that "he is only able to make this special offer because of his confidence" in *that number!*

Expensive connection

The reference figures on the letters indicate that between the sending out of the first and second letter ninety-six others were sent.

Whether these ninety-six people all received "special offers" it is, of course, hard to tell, but if they did they will be well advised to give Ken a wide berth.

"Getting together" with Ken means a lot of waste of time and a certain loss of money as well.

A SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD VAMPIRE

DEN WITH TWO SPIDERS

When Tottenham Lost His Spurs

ENQUIRIES prompted by the strange contents of a letter recently received by a reader of JOHN BULL have revealed a most interesting story.

The letter is dated from 37, New Oxford Street, and similar epistles have been sent out by the score.

"Pardon me writing," it runs, "as I am not a moneylender or connected with moneylenders. I notice a judgment registered against you, and if a quick advance from a genuine private source would be of use, I shall be glad to hear from you in confidence.

"If desired, I can arrange for the money not to be repaid as long as interest at £7 per cent. a year is kept up."

This document bears the signature "P. Tottenham," and, apart from its other objectionable characteristics, is a flagrant contravention of the recent Moneylenders Act, which makes it an offence to tout for custom.

It is, therefore, important that the authorities should keep an eye upon "P. Tottenham," and in this connection we would like to make known a few discoveries of our own.

Lured by letters

The individual who thus signs himself is a notorious financial agent who has lived for years at the expense of people who have gone to him for aid, after being lured on by his ingeniously worded letters.

Sometimes aided by certain agents who are in his pay, and who are equally as shady as himself, "P. Tottenham" has carried on an elaborate system of fee-snatching.

His full name is Beresford Patrick Stuart Crichton Lofton Tottenham, and he has enjoyed a remarkably chequered career. Now nearly seventy years of age, he has figured prominently in the realms of shady finance for the past thirty years.

To this day he is an undischarged bankrupt, having passed through the Bankruptcy Court on three occasions—a very pleasant record for a man who pretends that he can do so much towards helping others in their financial difficulties!

Shameful affair

Tottenham's notoriety is not confined to this one designation, for, during his long years of duplicity, he has operated variously as "Lofthouse and Company," "John Lubbock," "Emily Bannister," "Matthew Lubbock" and "A. C. L. Tottenham."

Yet he embarked upon life with very different prospects in view, being originally an officer in a Guards regiment.

He wearied of military splendour, however, and eventually figured in a very sordid case where a young Guards officer, squeezed by a moneylender to whom he had been introduced by Tottenham, shot himself in a West End flat.

Tottenham's part in this shameful affair stood out very blackly at the subsequent inquest.

For many years now complaints have been made to the police by unfortunate people who have been lured by this man into paying fees in the belief that loans will ultimately be forthcoming.

In many cases, after agreements have been drawn up to justify the payment of fees, nothing more has been heard.

The fact that he makes a speciality of setting his bait to attract people with judgments registered against them is instanced by the discovery that he has been sending out circular letters of the type quoted since 1905!

Tottenham nearly always has some confederate to assist him in his filching profession. At his present New Oxford Street headquarters, for instance, the door of his office bears the inscription, "Mr. Tottenham—Mr. Rutter."

The latter gentleman, whose full name is Edgar Francis Rutter, can boast a financial record almost as inspiring as his associate, Tottenham.

Although many years junior to this ex-Guards officer, he has operated over a considerable period in the realms of dubious finance, and on one occasion served a term of penal servitude for fraud.

Colossal impudence

He shares with Tottenham the distinction of being an undischarged bankrupt.

Rutter acts in the capacity of Tottenham's "private secretary."

The police have also received many complaints about Rutter, who has sometimes passed as "A. Hicks," and there is not the slightest doubt that the pair have worked in conjunction on and off for years past.

Tottenham allays suspicion to a large extent by conducting his operations from addresses of good standing.

At one time or another he has had offices in Haymarket, Piccadilly and Queen Victoria Street, while in certain instances he has written to clients from his private flat in South Kensington.

In certain instances, where dupes have persisted in pressing for satisfaction or have demanded the return of fees, they have been met with impudent rejoinders.

Lord Darling, who has done much to curb the activities of moneylending touts

Tottenham usually contents himself with asserting that the client's position is too unstable to justify a loan, while the fee is claimed as enquiry "expenses."

The truth is, of course, that Tottenham invariably makes sure that the person he is approaching is in very great difficulties. While referring casually to one judgment, he makes no mention of any other points he may have discovered until after he has received a fee.

Then he brings them forward as the fruits of "special enquiry," and with assumed self-righteousness declares that he cannot do business with such a person.

Both Tottenham and Rutter have been exposed, from time to time, in this journal for years, and, in view of our above disclosures, perhaps the Public Prosecutor will give his consideration to the matter.

A MOTION PICTURE MYSTERY

GREEN STREET FOR GREENHORNS

SOMETHING in the nature of a mystery lies behind an advertisement which recently appeared in a daily paper, offering an "active interest" to anyone investing money in a parent syndicate that was apparently associated with the cinema.

To begin with, the announcement appeared under a box number, and one applicant who wrote for further particulars was favoured with a reply from a Mr. A. C. Hunter, of "Conway," Croydon Road, Caterham, Surrey.

This letter, which was headed "Confidential," did not convey very much to the enquirer.

Fine opportunity

But, while not disclosing the exact nature of his proposition, he declared that there was an opportunity for a live man and that the prospects were good.

In conclusion, he explained that the applicant could get him on the telephone at Gerrard 7783 if he desired to make an appointment.

Now, this telephone number is that of a concern known as Harwoods, described, amongst other things, as "the universal business providers."

What he wanted

The headquarters of this concern are at Leicester House, Green Street, London, W.C., and it was at this address that Mr. Hunter eventually arranged to meet the applicant.

At the interview Mr. Hunter explained that he was forming a syndicate to be known as the British Lloyd Film Syndicate, and he was in need of a few hundred pounds to register it and to cover out-of-pocket expenses.

If the applicant could put up £250 he would receive 250 £1 shares in the syndicate, which should increase appreciably in value within six months' time. In the meantime, if he desired work he could be put in charge of the register at a salary of £4 a week.

Two days later the gentleman received another letter from Mr. Hunter suggesting that there were further proposals that might be of interest to him.

This was followed later still by a letter from Harwoods, urging him to call at their office at his early convenience, and intimating that Mr. Hunter would be prepared to "amend the arrangements" to meet the investor's views.

Wise decision

The applicant decided to consult JOHN BULL before committing himself.

On looking into Mr. Hunter's film record, we have discovered that he has not been too fortunate in his former film experience.

But a company known as British Lloyd Films, Ltd., has already sprung into being, with A. C. Hunter as its secretary!

Slender capital

It was registered only a few weeks back, on March 13 to be precise. Its business is "to make, promote films, etc.," and its nominal capital is exactly £2,000. It is not difficult to estimate how many films can be made or promoted on such a slender capital.

Actually, it has £2 paid up, the subscribers being A. Underwood and F. C. Harrington. Matters are complicated when we learn that these two gentlemen are the moving spirits behind Harwoods, in whose office Hunter conducted the interview recorded above.

We may add that F. C. Harrington has more than once been criticised in these pages, notably in connection with a £30,000 failure involving the Harrington Standardised Typewriter Co., Ltd.

Need we say more?

AN IMPUDENT THREAT

BUSINESS WITHOUT BOOKS

The Whitford Whittle

PERSONS must be mean indeed who seek to enrich themselves at the expense of the unemployed. Yet they are about, and busy too, and those seeking engagements need to be very wary.

ONE of the greatest curses of unemployment in this country is the opportunity it gives to unscrupulous scoundrels to rob men and women of their savings by the old trick of offering employment with investment.

The case about to be cited as an example and a warning to our readers is taken from the Liverpool district.

Mr. F. W. Dixon is a widower with three children. He lives in Litherland. Last October he saw an advertisement in a Liverpool newspaper offering employment in an old-established business.

The advertisement stated that the investment of small capital would secure £2 weekly and a share of profits.

Novel bookkeeping

Being out of work Mr. Dixon answered this advertisement. He received a reply from William Charles Whitford inviting him to call at his house at Percy Street, Bootle.

Whitford explained that he was in business with his two sons, trading as Whitford Bros., at Church Road, Seaforth. He showed Mr. Dixon a number of invoices, but said he kept no books as the business was a family affair, and he reckoned his profits from invoices.

Whitford Bros. were makers of art metal name-plates and shop-window display stands. Mr. Dixon was told that there were thousands of pounds worth of orders on hand and that the firm did business with the Liverpool Co-operative Society and other large shops. Additional capital was wanted to buy stock.

Eventually Mr. Dixon agreed to invest £100 in the business on the condition that employment was found for himself and his eldest son, aged seventeen.

It was arranged that they should be taught the business, that their wages should be £2 5s. and 12s. 6d. per week respectively, and that 10 per cent. of the profits should be paid in consideration of the cash investment.

Told to quit

An agreement was prepared by Messrs. Quilliam and Son, of Manchester Street, Liverpool, who acted for both Whitford and Dixon in the matter. The money was paid over on October 10, from which date Mr. Dixon and his son were employed until January 10 of this year.

Wages were paid up to December 10, but the following week Whitford refused to pay, saying trade was slack. On Monday, December 19, Mr. Dixon consulted Mr. Quilliam, who advised him to take proceedings against Whitford.

Quilliam said the matter would have to go to the High Court, and that it would cost four guineas to serve a writ. Mr. Dixon paid him and the writ was issued.

In the meantime, Whitford had changed the lock on the door of the Church Street premises and also the name-plate. He informed Mr. Dixon that he had transferred the business to his son and that if he entered the premises again he would be treated as a trespasser.

Later, Mr. Quilliam told Mr. Dixon that there would be no court sittings till the end of March, and that the case would cost about £20.

It was some weeks before Mr. Dixon could obtain his own and his son's insurance cards from Whitford. He has not been able to find employment and he cannot afford the money necessary to sue Whitford.

Rather than let his son remain idle, he accepted a job for him as a cleaner at a motor garage where he is paid 10s. per week. The fact that a youth nearly eighteen is prepared to work over fifty hours a week for 10s. rather than draw unemployment pay is a striking answer to those who declaim against the laziness of the youth of to-day.

William Charles Whitford

When Mr. Dixon in despair took his case out of Quilliam's hands and went to the Liverpool Law Society for advice, he learned that this solicitor had been struck off the roll and that his action could have been brought in the county court at far less than the High Court proceedings.

Useless proceedings

Enquiries into Whitford's past reveal that he has swindled other people besides Mr. Dixon.

In July, 1924, another Liverpool man answered one of Whitford's advertisements and was induced to part with £60, which he has never been able to recover.

He found that Whitford's house and furniture were in his wife's name and that if he took proceedings there was nothing from which he could recover.

Last July, another man parted with £50 to Whitford. He drew £2 a week for a couple of months and then the flourishing business faded away.

In cases like these the Public Prosecutor should be empowered to provide the necessary legal aid for civil process where the law does not allow criminal proceedings to be taken.

The knowledge that the law would inevitably be brought into operation against them would check those who prey on the ignorance and poverty of their victims.

A VARIETY VETERAN

THE BEGGING BIGAMIST

'Ware Mr. Warner!

MANY ex-soldiers to-day are in distress. Their need makes a strong appeal to all. This is well known and advantage is often taken of it. The plausible tales told are not always true.

A SERIES of shameful frauds has lately been perpetrated by an ex-soldier named Thomas Warner, whose history we here propose to reveal.

His plan of campaign is carefully considered and opens with the selection of a number of retired artillery officers as prospective dupes.

He combs one area at a time, selecting all the names and addresses of artillery officers in one particular district, and going from one to the other with the sad tale that he knows of no one else in the neighbourhood to help him.

Although the collective results of his endeavours bring him in a comfortable weekly stipend, he is always careful to dress poorly, wearing boots that are bursting at all points and clothes which speak of the direst poverty. Added to this, he has cultivated a most doleful cast of countenance.

Tale that was told

A typical instance of Warner's methods is afforded by the experience of a retired artillery officer who resides in Kensington.

Obtaining an interview on the theme of "an old artilleryman in distress," Warner produced papers to show that he really had served in the Royal Artillery during the war.

He had now tramped from the North in a vain search for work, he explained, and had been forced to leave his poor wife and children behind on the verge of starvation.

He hated troubling the retired officer, but he knew of no other soul in London to whom he could apply in his extremity, as he was a stranger. A chance friend, whose name he did not know, had kindly given him the officer's address.

Owing to his poverty, which could be attributed to no fault of his own, he had been forced to take a barrel-organ round the streets—a piteous job, indeed, but the only way open to him of keeping the wolf from the door.

But even that means of livelihood had now been lost to him and he had been unable to send any money to his poor wife for days. The barrel-organ had broken down and was at present undergoing repair.

Duped benefactor

It would be a long job, but the cost was fortunately being met by the Artillery Committee of Earl's Court, who had kindly agreed to help him to that extent when the organ was ready.

The retired officer was deeply moved by his visitor's story, and without entertaining any suspicion gave Warner a substantial sum of money. Warner then departed with many profuse expressions of thanks towards his good Samaritan. There were almost tears of gratitude in his eyes.

That benefactor now knows, however, how flagrantly he has been duped and that he is only one of a long list of victims.

For Warner, by recounting similar yarns all over London, has succeeded in imposing upon numerous retired officers, and Scotland Yard has received a great many complaints.

Things kept quiet

Enquiries at the Artillery Committee reveal the fact that the barrel-organ story is entirely false, yet the committee itself was cleverly duped by Warner, who actually obtained money from it before it discovered his true character.

London is by no means the only area in which Warner has operated, for complaints have been lodged against him from retired Army officers in various parts of the provinces. Prior to his recent Kensington escapade, he was busily engaged in Gloucester and Berkshire.

He has been greatly aided in his coups by the fact that he did actually serve in France with the Royal Artillery, being slightly wounded and discharged with a pension in 1918.

But while he flourishes his Army papers with such good effect, he neglects to say anything about his record since his discharge.

This is not surprising, for we are able to reveal the fact that one of his first "distinguished" acts on returning to civil life was to desert the wife whom he had only recently married.

Despicable methods

He then posed to another young girl as a single man and induced her to "marry" him, a piece of deception which was ultimately discovered, with the result that he was sent to jail for bigamy.

On his release from prison, Warner made no effort to atone for his past misdeeds, but associated himself with a gang of young blackguards and embarked upon the joyous pastime of breaking into shops and making off with all he could lay his hands upon.

In respect of these exploits he again fell into the hands of the police and went back to jail once more.

Since then he has been in and out of prison on several occasions for various other forms of crime, including perjury and fraud.

Many complaints were received about him in Rotherham and Mansfield, where his last conviction was recorded against him for obtaining money by false pretences.

His despicable nature is revealed in the monstrous use he makes of his wife, whom he so basely deserted, in telling of her fight with starvation when endeavouring to touch the hearts and pockets of his dupes.

Another good long spell in jail would not come amiss.

MONSTROUS COAL SWINDLE

DOCUMENTS CRAMMED WITH LIES

Our Warning Justified

A YEAR ago, after a number of people had complained to us regarding a company known as the House Coal Association, Ltd., of High Holborn, we urged the Board of Trade to hold an immediate investigation.

Our appeal was answered. An official enquiry was held, which drew some significant admissions from the promoters.

After this we urged the President of the Board of Trade to "take drastic measures." It is gratifying to record that two men have now been sent to jail.

But this does not end the matter, and the following authentic facts will show that only the fringe of a great conspiracy has so far been touched.

Mark Parker

The House Coal Association was formed to line the pockets of its chief promoters, two skilful rogues, who are both old enough to qualify for the old-age pension.

But, apparently, they aspired to spend their declining years in far greater affluence. They are Mark Parker, aged sixty-nine, of Kensington, and Stephen Pearce Pellatt, seventy-one, of Southend-on-Sea.

Dummy concern

The House Coal Association, in return for a membership shareholding of £20, promised to supply coal to its members direct from the mines at alluring prices. Actually it did little more than rob its members of their cash.

From the start, however, Parker and Pellatt displayed great ingenuity in watching their own interests.

Two months before the association was registered, for instance, a concern called the H.C.P. Syndicate was established, with a nominal capital of £2,000 in shares of £1 each.

Parker and Pellatt were the sole directors and shareholders of this syndicate, which was purely a dummy concern. The only shares issued were two of £1 each, held respectively by Parker and Pellatt—and even these were not paid for!

The H.C.P. Syndicate—in other words, Parker and Pellatt—ultimately formed the above-mentioned association. Having no money of their own, they got into touch with a stockbroker, who introduced two deluded investors who handed over £600 to the H.C.P. Syndicate.

This money, used—or, rather, grossly misused—to form the House Coal Association, was soon lost.

Parker and Pellatt, acting as the syndicate, then set out to obtain capital for the association, and plotted to feather their own nests at the same time. They wanted £400,000 for the association, but agreed to content themselves with £100,000 to go on with.

As directors, they passed a resolution agreeing to pay commission of 15 per cent. to all people who could influence the sale of the House Coal Association's shares.

Getting it both ways

The richness of this plot lies in the fact that they themselves were to get the commission, for, acting also as directors of the dummy H.C.-P. Syndicate, they undertook to raise the capital for the House Coal Association.

In plain figures, this meant that they would pocket £15,000 on a subscribed capital of £100,000, or £60,000 on a subscribed capital of £400,000, and this on top of their fees as directors of both concerns!

Having entered into this fraudulent scheme, Parker and Pellatt next tackled the problem of raising capital for an association which possessed neither coal nor mines!

They therefore formed a third concern called the Associated Chemical and General Industries, Ltd., which was housed in the same Holborn office.

Parker and Pellatt appointed themselves directors at £1,000 a year and fees, though some relations were dragged in as sleeping partners. And here again two £1 shares were allotted, but unpaid for.

This third company, which was supposed to own coal mines, was formed ostensibly to sell its interests, which were non-existent, to the syndicate for sums agreed upon by its directors.

With these three concerns completely under their control, Parker and Pellatt next issued prospectuses filled with false statements.

Money rolled in, and one of the first things they did was to draw a cheque on the House Coal Association's account in favour of the H.C.P. Syndicate. Nothing had been done to warrant it, yet Parker and Pellatt pocketed the money.

Worthless property

One victim, lured on by the prospectus, which described the investment as "most attractive—security unimpeachable," parted with £100, and eventually discovered that the association had "Gone away."

In all, £10,000 was obtained from the public.

Even when a solicitor advised Parker and Pellatt that they were acting dishonestly they carried on with impunity.

In connection with the alleged purchase of one colliery for £4,500, they pocketed, through the H.C.P. Syndicate, no less than £550 in commission. No sum approaching £4,500 had been paid, but eventually a derelict coal mine was taken over for £611!

Then, to get further money, debentures were issued, and it is in regard to this development that the fullest enquiry is needed.

These debentures, promising 7½ per cent., were offered to the public as "alluringly profitable"; but the property on which they were based was absolutely worthless.

The sale of these debentures was conducted through a fourth company—the Consolidated Brick and Coal Co., Ltd., being formed by a notorious bankrupt named Weaver.

The latter was then in association with a concern called the Finance Guarantee Co., Ltd., which is itself in the hands of the Bankruptcy Court.

Weaver's connection with this worthless issue—it was he who posed as the owner of at least one mine—and the part played by the Finance Guarantee Co. are matters for immediate enquiry.

Batch of failures

Apart from the money obtained by Parker and Pellatt in fees, special emoluments, commissions, etc., they were even grasping enough to make a profit out of the office rent.

Although they were personally the tenants of the office in which their companies were housed, they charged each company with a special amount annually, far above the actual figure!

Stephen Pellatt

In connection with one company formation, too, the "preliminary expenses" were adroitly accounted for as £4,906, when only a little over £6,000 had been subscribed.

Amongst various other ventures calling for investigation we may mention the Bordeni Oil Lands, Ltd. Thousands have been invested in this, but it has been dormant since 1926 and no dividends have been paid.

Then there is the F.P.P. Syndicate, which was also to reap rich profits from oil, but which has so far shared a similar fate to Bordeni Oil Lands.

Another concern is the Motor Petrol Association, in which thousands of people have invested. There is now stated to be a deficiency of at least £107,951! Where has all this money gone to?

Finally, amongst a host of others, is the East London Glass Works, Ltd., which, also sharing the Holborn office, was recently wound up.

Much more could be said if space permitted, but the above should suffice to convince the authorities that further investigation on their part is needed at once.

Four Men of Might

The Big Secret

THE latest offer to supply the long-sought secret of success comes from four gentlemen who have chosen the original trading name of "All Business Connections," and who operate from 292, High Holborn as "staff consultants and vocational advisers."

They are W. Chas. Keeler, H. Geo. Hawkings, H. Portsmouth and H. T. Phillips, and, if all they claim is correct, the Minister of Labour ought to find their organisation of wonderful assistance.

"All Business Connections" offers remarkable services to the ambitious, and claims that by employing "scientific methods" it has been able to advise hundreds as to the work they are most fitted for and has helped them to rise out of the rut to better things.

Parents with children about to leave school are urged to bring their offspring to the Holborn oracles, one of whom is said to be "a noted Industrial Vocational Psychologist."

And now comes the surprising part of the whole proposal. These four gifted men, "with years of ripe experience," have apparently no thought for their own destiny.

Instead of taking advantage of their specialised knowledge to rise to the supreme heights, they prefer to retail the secret of success at a guinea a time. In that respect they are surely most modest; yet in other respects they exhibit remarkable confidence for a venture registered so recently as March 5 last.

We Win Again!

TOWARDS the end of last year we found it our duty to turn the limelight upon an enterprising individual named Henry James Freeman for the sorry part played by him in a theatrical fiasco.

We told how Freeman paid certain artistes with cheques which ultimately came back dishonoured.

Freeman issued a writ against us, claiming damages for libel.

This did not worry us, as we were fully prepared to stand by all we had said; but Freeman evidently thought better of it and did not pursue his action.

And now this ambitious theatrical producer has made an inglorious bow in the Bankruptcy Court, his accounts showing liabilities of £477 against "estimated" assets of £66.

But this is not his first appearance in bankruptcy proceedings, for he failed in 1919 and his discharge was suspended for a period of two years.

At his present public examination reference was made to JOHN BULL's criticism, and Freeman made much of the fact that he had issued a writ.

Forced to admit that he had backed out, he put it as well as he could by saying that he "had heard the action had been dropped for want of prosecution."

Presumably he would now say that he "has heard" of his own bankruptcy!

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Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 34.

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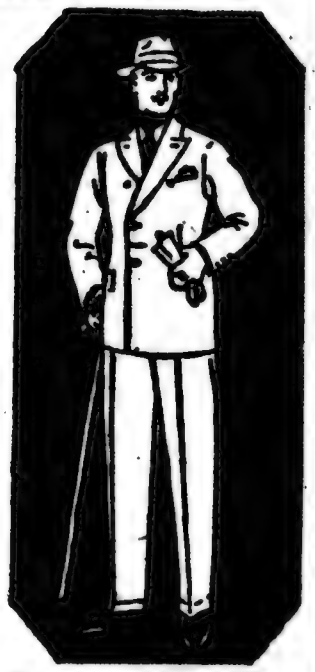

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106, RUTLAND STREET, LEICESTER.

THE greatest mistake made about the surtax, says our contributor, is that it is considered to be a new and revolutionary idea. The truth is that its principle has long been recognised by all political Parties, and is made use of every day

It's So Simple!

by The Right Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P. *(former Chancellor of the Exchequer)*

THE recent article in John Bull by Mr. Marcus Samuel on the surtax is an instance of the difficulty of getting a political question discussed on its merits. More nonsense has been talked, on both sides, about the surtax proposal than about any other matter of recent public controversy.

The opponents of the proposal have, wisely from their point of view, concentrated their criticism on debatable details, and have ignored the underlying principle. The promoters of the scheme are themselves largely to blame for giving the opponents the opportunity to attack it on the matter of its estimated yield.

I entirely agree with Mr. Marcus Samuel that the leaflet from which he quotes as to the yield of the surtax, and the numerous and costly social reforms its proceeds will finance, is fantastic.

To claim more for the surtax than it can possibly accomplish is to expose it to ridicule. It invites destructive criticism and obscures the real merits of the proposal.

Popular propaganda should not concern itself with precise details. It should confine itself to the exposition of the principle and the advocacy of its justice. The discussion of details should be left to the House of Commons, when an actual proposal is submitted.

Mistaken ideas

The promoters of the surtax proposal made the mistake of departing from this well-established practice of political propaganda. The last annual conference of the Labour Party complicated the matter still more by a resolution allocating the proceeds of the surtax to the abolition of the food taxes, the financing of new social services and the reduction of the National Debt.

The yield of the surtax, at the rate suggested, would not be at all sufficient for all these purposes. It is true that the resolution hinted, but did little more than hint, at using other sources of revenue for these reforms.

It was the emphasis which was laid on the surtax which attracted special attention to it. I have not seen a word of criticism of the other suggested methods—namely, the taxation of land values and the increase of the death-duties, and for the simple reason that these were mentioned in general terms.

If the surtax proposal had been put forward in the same way—namely, as the broad outline of a structure, leaving the details and precise form to be settled by a Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, just as he would settle the details of taxing land values and revising the death-duties—I am sure there would have been very little criticism of the surtax.

Another mistake which has been made in the presentation of the surtax proposal is to give the public the impression that it was something new and revolutionary in our financial system. There is nothing original in it.

Adopted by all Parties

The principle of the surtax is embodied in our present system of taxation. The very name itself is now used officially to describe the super-tax. Mr. Winston Churchill last year forestalled promoters of the surtax. In last year's Finance Act the super-tax was changed to the surtax.

Every feature (in addition to the name) of the Labour Party's surtax is in operation to-day, and is yielding nearly £70,000,000 a year.

The discrimination between "earned" and "unearned" incomes, the grading of the rate of the income-tax with the size of the income, the relief of small incomes and small estates—all these principles of the Labour surtax proposal are embodied in the existing income-tax system.

Every political Party is committed to the surtax. Its justice is admitted by Liberal, Tory and Labour alike. The Liberals, when Mr. Asquith was Chancellor, first imposed the surtax, and made the differentiation between "earned" and "investment" income.

Simple problem

It is a piece of political hypocrisy for the Liberals to use the argument about the penalising of thrift when their Party was responsible for first introducing the "penalisation" of investment income and the taxation of "the savings of a lifetime's work" by the death-duties.

The Tories are just as much committed to the surtax as the Liberals. They have repeatedly increased the rate of the surtax. Since 1918, successive Tory Chancellors have raised the yield of the surtax from £20,000,000 to nearly £70,000,000 a year. And they have raised the death-duties until now a millionaire's estate has to pay 40 per cent. of its value in duties.

The Labour Party proposal for an additional surtax on the larger investment incomes originated in the Minority Report of the Colwyn Committee on Taxation.

Both the Majority and Minority Reports of that committee urged the importance of debt reduction. Both agreed that as soon as possible the present statutory Sinking Fund of £50,000,000 a year should be raised to £100,000,000 a year. This was the figure which both Sir Austen Chamberlain and Sir Robert Horne, when Chancellors, accepted as desirable.

The minority of the Colwyn Committee, consisting of the Labour members, suggested that the Sinking Fund should be raised to £100,000,000 by an additional tax on investment incomes.

Burden on all

That problem was a very simple one. Here was a specific additional sum to be raised for a specific purpose, by a specific method. The proposal was put forward as a substitute for abandoned capital levy, and for the same purpose—namely, debt reduction.

The special taxation of investments for the reduction of debt is a sound proposition. It is quite in accord with the teaching of the orthodox economists. The debt is a burden which passes from generation to generation. So does property.

A reduction of the debt will be of permanent advantage to the owners of property. It is only just, therefore, that property should make the main contribution to the extinguishing of the debt.

But the existence of the colossal war debt is not only a burden on property-owners, but on the whole community.

The Labour Party has committed itself to that policy by innumerable conference resolutions. Its official declaration runs as follows:

> The Labour Party policy in regard to war debt reduction is a very simple one—to pay it off as quickly as possible. This is the only line which satisfies both common-sense and common honesty.

Some Labour critics of a more rapid reduction of the debt do not appreciate the hindrance its existence is to social reform. The interest upon it amounts to a million pounds every working day.

There are probably five million workers who fought in the war. These men have to work six months every year to earn as much as is required to pay the interest and sinking fund on the war debt!

If the debt were extinguished there would be £300,000,000 a year available for the reduction of taxation and for social reform purposes. Every penny now raised by the income-tax, the surtax and the death-duties is needed to pay the interest and sinking fund of the war debt.

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P.

Idle talk

Mr. Marcus Samuel in his article fell into a common, but inexcusable, error in regard to the effect of taxation. Taxation, when used for debt reduction or for social services, is not turning money from productive to unproductive channels. The very opposite is the fact.

I realise as well as he does the need for capital savings. The unproductive cost of the debt services is one of the main reasons why capital savings have fallen off.

When debt is repaid the proceeds are reinvested in industry or other productive forms, and thus the real capital of the nation is increased.

It is idle to talk about the limits of the taxation of the rich having been reached. We had that sort of talk when the income-tax was ninepence in the pound, when there was no super-tax, and very light death-duties.

The recently issued Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue discloses the fact that 98,000 persons are assessed to income on an aggregate income of £568,000,000 a year.

In 1926-27 there were 110,578 estates brought within the scope of the death-duties. An analysis of these returns shows that 80,000 persons left an average of about £270, and thirty-eight persons left an average of £1,300,000 each!

Just demand

The total net capital value of all the estates brought under the duties in that year amounted to £466,466,978, and on this a total sum of only £59,000,000 was paid in duties.

In the light of such facts as these, the justice of exacting a larger contribution from the rich cannot be denied. I have never been an advocate of taxing the rich simply because they are rich. But when the State is in need of money for useful and necessary purposes, it has a right to call upon those who have the means to make contributions in proportion to their capacity to pay.

That is the principle of the surtax, which, as I have said, has been accepted and applied by all the Parties. The Labour Party policy is to use the existing machinery for raising what revenue may be needed to finance schemes which Parliament has passed and which the country has demanded.

The PUBLIC Put their Faith in the Wonder Remedy

READ THESE CONVINCING TRIBUTES TO YEASTPIRIN

72, Station Road,
Church End,
Finchley, N.3.
March 26th, 1928.

Messrs. Yeastpirin, Ltd.,
26/27, Hatton Garden,
London, E.C.1.

Dear Sirs,

Many thanks to "Yeastpirin" for the refreshing sleep I now enjoy, and the relief from my headaches.

For a long time I had so suffered, and only those who have done so can realise how sleeplessness plays on the nerves.

To-day I feel a hundred-per-cent. man—brighter, more active, and taking a pleasure in life.

"Yeastpirin" is a great discovery, and its handiness to take means that you can always have it within reach.

My Chemist tells me that its growing popularity is astonishing, and that he considers it the best compound of Yeast and aspirin he has ever sold.

I am pleased to add my address, and wish you all success.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. W. Johnson.

"Ivydene,"
5, Carterhatch Road,
Enfield Highway, Mdx.
24/3/28.

Messrs. Yeastpirin, Ltd.,
26/27, Hatton Garden,
London, E.C.1.

Dear Sirs,

I write from several years' bitter experience of indigestion and anæmia, during which time I lost many pounds in weight, was always sluggish and careworn, and scarcely knew how to drag myself about.

I feel bound to write and say how much good "Yeastpirin" has wrought on my behalf.

Everyone remarked upon my pitiable state, and in despair I tried nearly everything suggested.

After all failures—your "Yeastpirin" has succeeded, and I am pleased beyond expression with the great work it has done for me.

I experienced its tonic effect from the first, for it braced me up at once, and day after day I grew better and stronger. The fact is, I am now a "new woman," free from all stomach weakness and blessed with abundant health, for my blood is pure again.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Miss Mabel Rose.

56, Waltham Grove,
Pulham.
Feb. 28th, 1928.

Messrs. Yeastpirin, Ltd.,
26/27, Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

Sirs,

As one who has obtained the greatest possible relief and cure from severe rheumatism, I would like to thank you for the benefit Yeastpirin has bestowed on me.

It is now some months since I was attacked with shooting pains in both shoulders and also my ankles.

From an upright and vigorous woman I was changed into a crippled and bent one. I could not walk any distance without constantly resting, and it is perfectly true that I was never free from pain and it was putting years on my life.

A few months ago I was persuaded to give Yeastpirin a trial.

Well, I am thankful I did, for the effects have been marvellous.

It seems to have made me ten years younger, and I very sincerely recommend it to all who have endured such pain as I did.

My life is no longer a burden, and I get about my duties with ease and pleasure.

(Signed) Miss M. A. Kerr.

142, Pinborough Road,
London, S.W.
March 5th, 1928.

Messrs. Yeastpirin, Ltd.,
26/27, Hatton Garden, E.C.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing you as one who has long suffered from indigestion of the most severe nature, together with constant headaches and sleeplessness.

This condition interfered with my work and made my life a misery.

The lack of sleep especially played on my nerves, and things looked very dismal indeed.

It is good news to tell you that Yeastpirin has entirely changed my life, for I have taken a course and they have banished every sign of indigestion and biliousness. The headaches have departed, and, last but not least, I now sleep as well as I could wish for.

When one has received such undoubted benefit it is a duty to acknowledge it, and I very gladly offer my thanks to Yeastpirin and advise other sufferers to follow my example.

You have my permission to publish this letter and my photograph.

(Signed) Mr. P. Brunot.

Yeastpirin

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SUPER TONIC TABLETS

There can be no more convincing proof of the wonderful efficacy of Yeastpirin Tablets than the letters of thanks we have received from every quarter of the country. The volume of grateful testimony is swelling daily. We print above some typical examples.

The intelligent Public who demand to know why they should take one remedy rather than another, is the very Public that is delighted beyond measure with Yeastpirin.

For the benefit of those who have not yet discovered the merits of Yeastpirin, we here and now give the simple reason why Yeastpirin stands alone, like a peak on the plain, among all other remedies for—

Headache	**Nerves**
Toothache	**Neuralgia**
Influenza	**Neuritis**
Colds	**Insomnia**
Rheumatism	**Anæmia**
Sciatica	**Indigestion**
Lumbago	**Malnutrition**

The superiority of Yeastpirin is due to the fact that it attacks not only the effects but also the **cause** of all the above painful and ill-health conditions, and abolishes them root and branch.

Take a short course of Yeastpirin Tablets, and you will find such strengthening of the nervous system, such refreshing sleep, and such freedom from indigestion and rheumatic pains as you have never known before. Test it for yourself To-day.

Guarantee

Purchase 1/3 or 3/- bottle of Yeastpirin. If not satisfied return to us with Government stamp attached. We will refund price paid. HIGHEST PURITY of ingredients. Ideal conditions of manufacture, ensuring perfect medicinal product.

WHY NOT TRY A BOTTLE YOURSELF ?

If you are unable to obtain Yeastpirin from your local Chemist or Stores, post 1/3, 3/- or 5/—for whichever size you prefer—direct to us, and we shall forward to you.

YEASTPIRIN Ltd., 26/27, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1

SOLD AT ALL HIGH-CLASS CHEMISTS AND STORES AT

1/3, 3/-. 5/-

a Bottle.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

Dear Sir,—Though Germany is supposed to have lost the war, the Prussian Diet has just allocated £50,000 for the encouragement of physical culture. We, on the other hand, have to appeal to private charity in order to provide playing-fields for our kiddies. It is surely time we recognised that the physical health of the people should be a Government's foremost aim, and that on the vitality of the individual depends the welfare of the State. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD EUSTACE PERCY, M.P., Minister of Education.

Sir,—Whilst impressing upon employers the advisability of recruiting labour from the schools, you advise parents not to take their children away until they have actually been offered employment. Until you can see your way to extending the school age, the least you should do is to make it compulsory that all boys who are not working shall remain at school till they reach the age of fifteen. The matter is too vital to be left to chance. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

Dear Sir,—After being employed for five years, and achieving considerable skill, as a plumber, an East Ham lad fell out of work. Naturally, he refused an ice-cream round at 16s. a week and bonus, in addition to which he declined to consider the Army. He explained that he wanted to stick to his own line. On what grounds did the exchange dock his unemployment pay? and who gave the officials authority to act as recruiting-agents? John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Sir,—You are disturbed at the "new ugliness" which has invaded the country in the shape of petrol-pumps and think the subject must be dealt with "on a broad basis and in as uniform a manner as possible." At the moment, I wish every Ministry was concerned with the "old ugliness" of slums, which for years have invaded both town and country. If this was dealt with on "a broad basis and in a uniform manner," sufferers from evil dwelling-places might have hope. Why should not the Home Secretary and Minister of Health co-operate in making a beginning? John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.P., Sunny Gardens, Hendon, N.W.

Dear Sir,—To-day our annual Budget approximates to £830,000,000, of which not less than £530,000,000 goes to pay for the war and for the upkeep of armaments. "If this doesn't make advocates for world peace, I don't know what will," you say. Could the man in the street really grasp what all these figures mean, I feel sure he would insist on the immediate abolition of warfare; and it is the duty of every thinking citizen to educate his fellows to a realisation of the truth. Rest assured of this—I shall do my part. John Bull.

To General the Hon. Sir HERBERT LAWRENCE, Chairman, Vickers, Ltd.

Dear Sir,—You told a meeting of shareholders that they were faced with a possibility of a further limitation of armaments, and you expressed the opinion that war was more likely to be avoided when naval and military power is exercised by nations who know the value of peace. I hold that the manufacture of armaments, no matter for whom or by whom, must inevitably lead to hostilities, and the greater the fall of dividends in such firms as yours the better will it be for the world. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. W. RUNCIMAN, M.P., Barton Street, S.W.

Dear Sir,—If precedents are of any value, it is at least reassuring to know that we have passed through hard times similar to the present and yet have come through triumphantly. I thoroughly agree that men who go about in a constant state of melancholy will never build up a new industry. Pessimism is a crime that brings its own punishment, but the worst of it is that the heaviest part falls upon others. John Bull.

To Dr. STELLA CHURCHILL, M.R.C.S., Strand-on-the-Green House, Chiswick.

Dear Madam,—I, too, should like to know why the milk supplied at the open-air day schools of London is lower than the legal standard insisted upon for the rest of the country. Are the children of the Metropolis of less worth than those of the provinces, or is it that the L.C.C. has less money at its command than other municipalities? In this case the best only is good enough, and the best only we must have. John Bull.

To Mr. GEORGE CADBURY, Jun., Birmingham.

Dear Sir,—Your testimony to the value of waterways in reducing the charges of goods transit between Birmingham and the Bristol Channel is illuminating. A proper use of canals in this country would not only reduce costs of commodities, but pay investors and be a real relief to road congestion. Why this is neglected is a mystery. John Bull.

To Mr. W. J. BROWN, Secretary, Civil Service Clerical Association.

Dear Sir,—I note that you have completed your arrangements for a new offensive to gain for Civil servants a weekly minimum wage of £3 10s., equal pay for men and women, and pensions for unestablished service. Recognising the obstinacy of the Treasury officials, you have decided to concentrate upon the conversion of Parliament, and since I regard your demands as reasonable, I heartily wish you success. John Bull.

To Mrs. CECIL CHESTERTON, Fleet Street, E.C.

Dear Madam,—I agree with your contention that we should be cursed with fewer slums were more owners willing to sell land at a reasonable price. They would be the first to howl their complaints if their rates were assessed on the value they put upon their property when municipalities wish to buy, and until the country adopts some such plan there is little hope of substantial improvement. John Bull.

To LADY ADA NIELD, The Manor, Brightlingsea.

My Lady,—Summoned for riding a horse on the footpath when going to a meet, you explained that you were in a hurry and found the roads dangerous. This was ingenuous, but it shows how little regard hunters have for the rights of others. Quite rightly the magistrates imposed a fine. You may be a Lady, but you do not own the earth. John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Mr. Baldwin:—"The attainment of an ideal is very often the beginning of a disillusionment."

No excuse whatever for never attempting to put the ideal into practice.

* * *

Mr. D. M. Mason:—"There is alarm in some quarters regarding a possible shortage of gold."

It's a pity the same alarm isn't felt regarding a positive shortage of work for the work hungry.

* * *

Mr. H. D. Horne:—"Until wholesale sanitation of *personnel* has taken place real and lasting harmony in labour relationship is impossible."

Begin sanitation at the top and it will soon work down.

* * *

Mr. E. L. Hann:—"Coal must eventually regain its position."

And need never have lost it but for mismanagement.

EXHAUSTING THE FUEL

MISUNDERSTOOD

Marker: "Send up some more PLAYER'S, please!"

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

THE BIG BAMBOOZLE

TOO CLEVER BY HALF!

Winston's Hopeless Dawn

THE fact that Mr. Churchill has announced that his Budget will show a surplus of some £4,000,000 does not greatly excite us.

When Mr. Churchill became Chancellor of the Exchequer he announced with great beatings of drums and blarings of trumpets that at last the country was going to understand what real economy meant, and that it should see under his administration a progressive saving of £10,000,000 per annum.

So far from that rosy optimism being justified, he had to show a deficit of £14,000,000 in his first Budget and £35,500,000 in his second Budget. When he announces that his forthcoming Budget is going to show a surplus of £4,000,000, it is as well to understand how that surplus has been achieved.

To begin with, he has had an extraordinary run of luck with regard to death duties. These have amounted to no less than £10,000,000—a record for this source of revenue.

If it had not been for this purely chance happening, he would have again been compelled to show a deficit despite the fact that he raided the Road Fund, shortened brewers' credits, and compelled landlords to pay a double instalment taxation in the first half of this year.

He has had £12,000,000 of money that should have been expended on improving the roads of the country, and he has gathered in something like £20,000,000 by anticipating next year's revenue, an expedient which neither Mr. Churchill nor his successor will be able to repeat.

THESE were certainly ingenious expedients, but they were not sound finance, and despite the announcement of a surplus, he has also been compelled to announce that the taxpayer cannot hope this year for any reduction in income-tax, the sugar or the tea duties, the spirits duty, or the entertainments tax, and that we must wait yet again for a restoration of the penny post.

The £4,000,000 surplus goes automatically to the reduction of the National Debt; Mr. Churchill cannot touch it.

Surplus or no surplus, we are as far off real economy as ever. A few years ago the country was staggered and appalled at the mere thought of a Budget of £800,000,000. That was stated to be a normal Budget for the future. To-day, the Budget is £840,000,000. Unless something like an economic miracle happens it is great odds it will be even more in the future.

FROM the point of view of economy, there has been no real attempt made to force economy where economy can most usefully be forced—namely, in the Estimates of the Fighting Forces.

The Fighting Forces are unproductive, wasteful, extortionate, and productive of an ever-widening circle of vexatious burdens They could be cut by millions without the safety of the country being endangered one jot or anybody being hurt except a lot of useless encumbrances on the body politic.

Quite apart from interest on the war debt and all the other war charges, which swallow up millions of the taxpayers' money, the actual expenditure on the Fighting Forces last year was £117,000,000, and for all the good this money did the country it might just as well have been thrown into the sea.

So far as revenue is concerned, Mr. Churchill, like all his predecessors, obstinately refuses to face the one source of revenue that is just, equitable, and enormously productive.

He simply will not consider the collection of the rent of the land for the use of the nation, although such a collection would solve not only the problems of revenue, but to a very great extent the problems of national life.

CHARITY *v.* JUSTICE

The Substitute

AT last the relief of the miners is to be organised on a national scale. We take the credit for starting the ball rolling that has finished in the stirring appeal by the Lord Mayors of London, Cardiff and Newcastle. The thing we have steadily urged, a national organisation to relieve distress, is in being.

The letter that the Lord Mayors have jointly issued is impressive in its simplicity. "For some time past it has been plain that the slender resources of the people are in many cases insufficient to provide boots and clothing." That is almost an under-statement.

The "slender resources" of the unemployed mining population have only sufficed to keep life alight in undernourished bodies, and hardly that. Mothers are deliberately starving themselves in order to minimise their children's sufferings. Single men who are unemployed are denied relief, and are gaunt with want.

"All who have knowledge," declare the Lord Mayors, "of the conditions in these depressed areas will agree that suffering exists—suffering which is avoidable if we, who are more fortunate, will help."

We have said the same thing for months. We have backed up our words with facts and figures. We have published continuously poignant human stories from the mine-fields calculated to move hearts of stone. And we have pointed out that had such a record of suffering been brought from any distant famine lands a big national appeal would long ago have been launched.

We have gone further. We have many times recorded our conviction that, since the failure of the Government to tackle the problem of the mines had brought the industry to a standstill, it was the obvious duty of the Government itself to help its victims.

We have faith that the public will respond generously to the present appeal. For the time being, starvation of man, woman and child will be staved off. Distracted local governments will gain a breathing-space in which to readjust their impoverished finances. And certainly the struggling, all-but-ruined shopkeeper in the immediate neighbourhood should benefit.

But none of these things must blind the eyes nor lull the conscience of the nation to sleep. It will be a terrible illusion to rest in the thought that all that is possible to be done is now being done for the miners.

Give, "give till it hurts," for the need is great. Give, and raise no quibble as to who or what is to blame for the fact that thousands of honest, well-doing men and women in our midst are lacking life's barest necessities. Whatever is given will not be enough.

And that is the danger-point. Charity is at best a sorry substitute for sturdy independence. And independence, the chance to earn an honest living for himself, is what the miner asks.

The present deadlock must be ended. The mines must be reorganised and set going at full speed. Until that is done the conscience of the nation must neither slumber nor sleep. There must be a daily battering on the doors of our slumbering Government.

The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

SHABBY TRICKS

"Criminal" Catching!

ONCE an Act of Parliament is passed it is the duty of all good citizens to see it either obeyed or repealed. This is not always easy, especially if the Act is controversial or if it presses hardly on a minority. In the latter case there are bound to be minor infringements. But there is no need to manufacture an artificial crop.

That this is being done in many cases is only too clear. At Blackpool, for instance, when Edwin Bourne, a Bloomfield Road shopkeeper, was summoned for failing to close his shop according to regulation hours, he explained that a boy entered his shop just after closing time and asked for a quarter-pound of tea.

Mr. Bourne suggested that the lad might be an inspector, but the youth denied it. Mr. Bourne, thinking it was a case of a family finding itself out of tea for breakfast, obliged out of kindness. He quickly found out his mistake when he was summoned at the local police court and fined £1.

The boy, fresh from school, was a trainee of an inspector waiting outside.

A fur-trader in Blackpool, wanting to see a man about furniture for her house, left a notice on her business premises that she would be back at 3.30 p.m. on closing day to keep the appointment.

She found a boy in a school-cap there at the hour. He said he wanted a bit of fur to mend a cycling glove, and picking up a scrap remarked, "This will do." Smilingly she let him have it for 2s. 6d. The boy immediately bolted off to return with an inspector, and this redder also was fined £1.

We share to the full our readers' indignation at what they term "these schoolboy frame-ups." They are in the nature of *agents provocateurs* and wholly out of tune with open British justice.

Besides, if work for the police is urgently needed, why not concentrate on capturing real criminals? There are plenty of those still at large.

Don't Be Caught!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

OF all the useless parasites of social life the ground landlord is the most useless. Unless the public is very wide awake he is about to reap a golden harvest out of its labours and its money.

Lord Lee of Fareham, Chairman of the 1926 Royal Commission on Thames Bridges

UNLESS something is done about it, there is shortly going to be set on foot one of the biggest ramps this country has ever seen.

On the surface, it looks much more like statesmanship than a ramp. But a ramp it will be, nevertheless.

The Government and the administrative authorities of London are formulating schemes for cross-river bridges and main-street widening to cope with the increasing pressure of road traffic—schemes which if carried out would involve an expenditure of almost £28,000,000.

It is proposed, for instance, to construct at Charing Cross a double-deck steel bridge to carry rail and road traffic, and a new railway terminus. The total cost of this work would be in the neighbourhood of seven-and-a-half million pounds.

Crucial question

It is proposed to widen East India Dock Road, and make various improvements. This is to cost £3,000,000. All over London various reconstruction is to be undertaken at enormous cost.

In most of the cases the very nature of the work will involve the acquisition of land and property. When you are dealing with a sum of some £28,000,000, which the ratepayers and the taxpayers are going to pay, the question of who is actually going to pay and who is actually going to reap the benefits becomes a vital one.

There is no question that these improvements are urgently needed. There is no dispute that if they are carried through they will add enormously to the value of the land on each side of the river Thames.

Yet, so far as I know, not a single suggestion has been put forward calling upon the ground landlords to pay any contribution towards the costs. If they are mentioned at all, it is with an idea of compensating them. They are to receive compensation at the beginning of this scheme, and they are apparently to continue to draw monetary advantage for ever as a result of it.

Feeding the fat

How serious a question this is for the taxpayers can be seen easily enough, if we look for a moment at what has happened in the past. The Victoria, Albert and Chelsea Embankments were carried out by the Metropolitan Board of Works at a cost of two-and-a-half million pounds.

The Metropolitan Board of Works was forced to buy land from the owners on the following terms: the fullest market value, 10 per cent. extra for compulsory sale, and 10 per cent. extra for "severance." Having bought the land, it proceeded to reclaim 37½ acres of muddy foreshore and to construct the new embankments. The net result was to add enormously to the value of all the frontages along the Embankment.

Mr. Gladstone, referring to this social development, said: "Instead of being made, as it should have been, mainly at the expense of the permanent proprietary interests, it was charged, every shilling of it, either upon the wages of the labouring man in fuel necessary for his family, or upon trade and industry and enterprise which belong of necessity to a vast metropolis like this."

He mentioned the fuel of the labouring man, because the cost of this work was met partly out of rates and partly out of the old London Coal Dues!

Let me take another example. About forty years ago, everybody crossing Waterloo Bridge had to pay a halfpenny toll. Workers forced to pass over the bridge to and from their work were thus penalised by sixpence a week.

The golden harvest

In due course, the toll was abolished at the cost of half-a-million to the London rates. The year the toll was abolished the rents of the workmen's houses were raised by exactly sixpence a week! The public, the taxpayer, the ratepayer made improvements for the use of the public, but it was the ground landlord who saw to it that he got the advantage!

This is the danger that faces those who will have to foot the bill for this colossal sum of £28,000,000. They will have to find the money, and those who do no work will gain many, many millions as a result of other people's labour.

Let me take an even more striking example of the ramp that is in preparation. It is proposed to drive a tunnel between Dartford and Purfleet, which is estimated to cost £2,950,000. It is going to provide direct communication between the arterial and by-pass road systems north and south of the Thames. Somehow or other, it is the taxpayer who will have to pay nearly three millions. The expenditure is amply warranted. The improved facilities will be an immeasurable benefit to the community. But it is not the public that is going to reap any harvest. It is the owners of adjacent land who are going to reap the golden harvest that the work of others has made possible.

Monstrous ramp

It is not good enough to spend £28,000,000 to enhance the fortunes of the ground landlords and speculators of London who are already pocketing millions every year owing to the expenditure of public rates and taxes.

It is, as it has always been, a ramp of the first order. There is only one way to stop it, and that is to pass a short Act of Parliament compelling all owners of land to pay annually the full economic rent of the land to the national Exchequer. Then, if the money and the labour of the public are put into improvements, it will be those who laboured who will reap the reward.

I cannot see that there is anything unjust or inequitable in such a proposal. Why on earth should a man who does nothing, who does not in most cases even reside within a hundred miles of the land which his fellow-creatures suddenly make of value, suddenly be able to draw untold wealth from the result of their labours?

If any of the great ground landlords were to labour by the sweat of their brow for the rest of their lives, they could not in a lifetime make the land they claim to own as valuable as the public can make it in five minutes.

There never was a more striking example of the inequity of our land laws than the proposal with which I have dealt, and I trust that there will be at least some men in the House of Commons with the courage to stand up and challenge the whole of this iniquitous system before the taxpayer is bled—as bled he is surely going to be.

Men Who M

Persons who possess firearms must be treated as potential murderers. Too long have they been allowed to be a menace to the community

I NOTICE that our C.I.D. men have discovered a number of secret arsenals and revolver "dumps" in and around London, and have seized hundreds of guns and thousands of rounds of ammunition during the past week or so.

Mr. A. F. Holt

It is not well to attach too much importance to the captures or to assume that as a result of them gun dumps and secret arsenals are things of the past.

I have not the slightest doubt that very many remain undiscovered in various parts of the country; nor have I any doubt that the illicit traffic in arms will continue unchecked so long as the traffickers are so lightly punished as they are to-day if and when they are caught and so long as the crime remains so highly profitable.

I have myself heard Chinese offering high prices for revolvers and ammunition which possibly were intended to be used against British people in China, and because of the prices offered sailors and firemen were found willing enough to smuggle the arms into the country.

The highest penalty for being in illegal possession of firearms which can be given under the Firearms Act is six months' imprisonment. I have never known the maximum penalty to be imposed. The highest sentence I have seen reported has been three months. Usually magistrates dispose of these cases by the infliction of a fine and confiscation of the weapon.

IS it any wonder that motor-boat loads of arms are landed at isolated parts of the coast? The illegal trade is altogether too lightly regarded. The man who sells the guns is, morally, an accessory before the fact to murder.

There are thousands of revolvers owned by individuals in Britain who have no permit to own them. Every revolver is a potential murder weapon. Every holder of an illegal revolver is a potential murderer.

These people don't buy the guns and defy the law in order to use the guns as ornaments. They buy them, keep them, because there is always the possibility that the day may come when they may wish to use them.

Great Industry Collapse

by A. G. GARDINER

THERE is no industry of which this country has had more reason to be proud than the cotton industry of Lancashire. Now, unless something is done quickly, the industry is doomed. And it is only in part the result of the war!

I DID an unusual thing the other night. I picked up a book by my bedside in order to read myself to sleep and I read the book from cover to cover without a pause before I put it down. It was far from a pleasant book. Indeed the tale it told is about as disagreeable a tale as the mind can conceive.

But it is thrilling—and unfortunately it is true. I do not think I can do better than tell you about it, for the tragedy of Lancashire affects us all. And it is with that tragedy that "Lancashire under the Hammer" deals.

There is no industry of which this country has had more reason to be proud than that of Lancashire. A community of five million people has grown up around a single trade, whose raw material comes four thousand miles from the west and whose finished manufactures have had their greatest markets ten thousand miles to the east.

And not the East alone; it was supreme everywhere. More than three yards of every five yards of cotton cloth exported by the whole world went from this tiny corner of this little country.

Unparalleled prosperity

The marvel culminated in the first two decades of this century in a prosperity without parallel. It reached its maximum in 1913, when Lancashire exported the incredible total of 7,000 million yards of cloth, of which 3,000 millions went to India alone. Even the war did not seem to break the astounding tale of riches.

The profits made in Lancashire during the war read like an Arabian Nights tale. It was only necessary to own a few hundred looms or a few thousand spindles to have what Johnson called "the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."

Then came the crash. Almost within the passage of a single month Lancashire passed out of unprecedented sunshine into an unparalleled eclipse. And it was an eclipse that did not pass. It has existed for seven years and it exists to-day. Its vast foreign trade has decreased by nearly 3,000 million yards a year.

Great markets, like India and China, have been almost wholly or partially lost. More than one-third of the machinery of the trade has lain idle. Short time or unemployment have fallen like a plague on the operatives. The vast fortunes accumulated during the war have vanished like smoke, and bankruptcy has brought hundreds of famous businesses to the ground.

The deadly blow

Two-thirds of the trade—all that part of it which is engaged in the manufacture of American cotton—is struggling like a derelict ship through rock-strewn seas, only kept from sinking by the fact that the banks are so deeply involved in the disaster that they dare not let them sink.

Only that portion of the trade, about a third, which is engaged in the manufacture of Egyptian cotton, is prospering and stable.

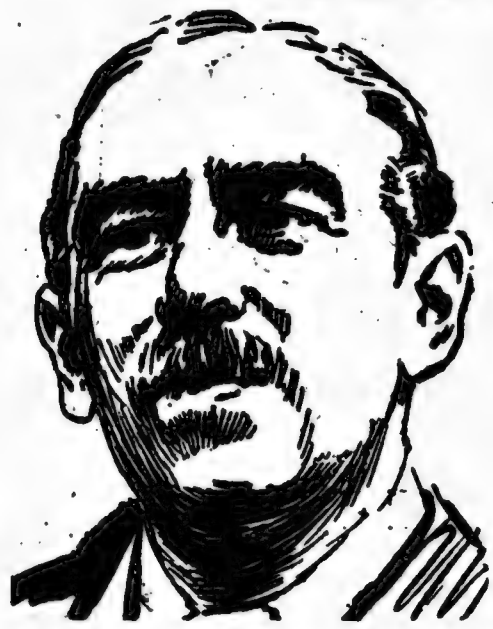
How has this terrific tragedy befallen an industry which, until yesterday, was the envy of the world? Is it the fault of Lancashire or is it the misfortune of Lancashire?

The answer is that it is both, though in unequal measure. It was the war—which brought that astounding and unwholesome prosperity for a moment—that struck the deadly blow.

For four years and more Lancashire was practically cut off from its great markets. The needs of the war were so imperative that little or no shipping was available for commerce, and India, China, South America and the rest were compelled to shift for themselves.

Cotton manufacture was in its infancy in those countries, but under the stress of necessity it developed furiously. Japan especially saw her chance and made the running.

The Lancashire manufacturers, busy with the war, and with untold wealth falling into their laps,



Professor J. M. Keynes, who has several times been called in to advise the Lancashire cotton trade

were unconcerned. They believed that no other country could compete with them when once the war was over, and that they would recover their trade whenever they were free to recover it.

The burst bubble

They were so confident that they had the game in their hands that when the war was over they plunged the trade into a huge gamble. Financiers came along and paid fantastic prices for the businesses. People who had never had a penny in the trade pawned their shirts, so to speak, to share in this miraculous gold mine. There had been nothing like it since the South Sea Bubble.

Then, almost before it was blown, the bubble burst. The foreign markets did not come back. Japan and India did not close their mills and slacken their production. On the contrary, they increased their competition.

Japan had captured the Chinese market and had penetrated into India, and India itself was not only supplying the home market, but beginning to compete with us in neutral markets like Persia. South America had begun manufacturing; Italy was snatching our trade in Egypt; and so all round.

And the Lancashire manufacturers had not the wisdom or the machinery to combat the attack. They went on hoping that something would turn up to save the trade, and floundering from one mistake to another.

They were without statesmanship. They undercut each other even in markets they held. And so they fell one by one into bankruptcy, their machinery being sold to increase the undercutting and the general ruin, some even going abroad to help the foreigner to compete still more successfully.

The one hope

In their distress a desperate effort was made by the formation of the Cotton Yarn Association to mobilise the trade and give it a co-operative policy. But 25 per cent. of the firms stood out for the policy of mutual destruction. The Yarn Association collapsed, and to-day all is dark.

The one hope which the writer of "Lancashire under the Hammer" holds out is the formation of a Control Board, representing all the departments of the trade, to mobilise the industry against the peril, to stop underselling, and to have powers of compelling the wreckers to come into line.

If the Board can be formed within the trade, so be it. If not, then the Government should impose a Board by Parliament. Such a policy would save something from the wreck. What is clear is that if something is not done, and at once, the Lancashire industry as we have known it in the past is doomed.

Murder You

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

Possession of a gun implies the possibility of its use, and we try to meet this threat to life by the imposition of fines! As well try to sweep the sea back with Mrs. Partington's mop.

THE Act of 1920 is in urgent need of amendment. The penalties imposed for the ownership of arms without a permit ought to be heavily increased, so that people would think again before they committed themselves to the ownership of a pistol. The penalties for trafficking in arms ought to be drastically revised in order to bring the punishment a little nearer to the seriousness of the crime.

For the one class of offender there ought to be imprisonment without the option of a fine, for all who did not surrender their weapons before the expiry of a period of grace to be fixed by the amended Act.

For the traffickers there ought to be penal servitude and not a paltry three months in jail. They are really traders in human lives. They know that every gun they sell is a threat to life. They care nothing about life, but much about profit.

Let the punishment fit the offence. They might then decide that the game was no longer worth the candle.

It must be remembered that a man who has a legitimate reason for the ownership of a pistol may be granted a permit; the bank clerk, for instance, or the resident in an isolated house, and so on. The people who have no permits have no legitimate reason for ownership. Why, then, do they own them?

When and where do the thousands of unregistered owners expect to use them? If they do not expect to use them why did they buy them? Clearly their very existence is a public menace and should be dealt with as such.

WHAT is needed is an agreement between all nations prohibiting the manufacture of pocket-guns—the vilest of weapons. Until that day arrives the Firearms Act must be strengthened.

But will it be? So much depends on whether we have legislators enough to put principle before profit. The making of guns is a profitable game.

A gun has no conscience. The only advantage the sellers of the guns have over the things they sell is that they are supposed to have souls to be damned; and the man who deals illicitly in guns hasn't a soul that's worth a damn.

But he has a pocket; he has a vote; he can and does control many votes. The making of arms pays—and the maker of them. It would, perhaps, be quite interesting to know *whom* he pays.

'I have five patients on Wincarnis'

"I have great faith in Wincarnis, and at present have five patients on it." "Many thanks are due to you for the wonderful improvement in my health since taking your tonic Wincarnis. I find it a great appetiser, nerve soother and sleep producer." "I can truthfully say it is the best tonic I have had yet, and immediately after taking it one feels the benefit. I highly recommend it to all." "I find much pleasure in recommending such a splendid giver of health to my patients."

Nurses everywhere acclaim Wincarnis as the Wonder Tonic

If you want the best CUSTARD for rhubarb—say

Foster Clark's please!

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of *John Bull*. On receipt of P.O. for 10/6 (carr. 1/- extra) we will forward direct from our looms to your address, one of our "Prudential Brucelette" REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN BORDERED CARPETS (GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS)

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., in Turkey patterns, and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved.

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THIEVES' RESTAURANT: STARTLING FACTS

THE NIGHT-BIRDS' PARADISE

Secret Crime Headquarters Exposed

WHEN novelists try to depict haunts of criminals in London they usually lead their readers to dark and mysterious byways of the East End. The brilliantly lighted West End is reserved for "high life" stories.

In no part of London, however, is there more crime planned than in the area bounded by Coventry Street, Regent Street, Oxford Street and Charing Cross Road.

Part of this area is known as Soho. Here a number of cafés and restaurants are open all night. So-called "Bohemians" and young "bloods" looking for life are but infrequent visitors.

The regular *clientele* is composed of crooks and other men and women of doubtful character and repute, the night-birds of the West End.

Where plots are hatched

Here may be seen "Jerry the Walker"—a quiet figure who passes from café to café—never long in one place, always on the go. He is the courier of the underworld. His job in life is to carry messages and news.

The regular gathering-place of housebreakers and "tip-and-run" burglars is a restaurant near Shaftesbury Avenue.

Many of the recent daring raids on departmental stores and West End shops have been planned here.

Entering the restaurant shortly after midnight, the regular customers were seen coming in, until presently the place was full.

A man, obviously a motorist, came in briskly, whispered a few words to another man seated near the door, and went out again.

The man near the door pushed his way past crowded tables, whispering here and there, and then stooped to speak to a man sitting at the same table as our representative.

Urgent errand

He wanted a couple of blank cheques for a "job" that was going to be "worked" that night. They must be found within a few minutes because there was a car outside which had just been brought from Putney, and it was imperative that it should be away before word came through about it.

The man who was asked for the blank cheques promised to get them from "a place round the corner"—another night restaurant—in two minutes. He went out and returned with them shortly afterwards.

It was explained that they were from a cheque-book found in a portmanteau belonging to a well-known racing motorist which had been "lifted" a day or two before.

Three men entered the restaurant and passed quickly round, distributing cards and collecting sixpences.

The cards they sold bore the words: "This is an appeal by his friends on behalf of ——, who is appearing on trial and wishes to find some support towards counsel's fees."

The gentleman for whom this "appeal," to which everybody subscribed, was made, is known as "The Terror of Soho." He had already served a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment for assaulting the police and was on trial again for a similar offence.

The planning and execution of modern burglaries call for a high order of intelligence and skill. The

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary, whose duty it is to see that these haunts of criminals are closed

man who organises a raid rarely takes any active part in the actual adventure. He may not even be known to those engaged in it.

Disposing of the "swag"

Usually five or six men are employed. Two of them are motor-car thieves. They "borrow" a car for the job.

A skilled driver takes it over from them, and the car is abandoned as soon as the job is done.

The skilled burglar and his assistants break in and steal. As soon as the job is done they are hurried back to headquarters to dispose of their tools as quickly as possible.

The motor-car then speeds to the "fence" with the stolen goods, accompanied by the man whose job it is to dispose of them.

Furs and silk underwear, which are being stolen in great quantities just now, are taken across London to certain shippers, who send them out of the country.

As one burglar who was explaining the routine facetiously remarked, "We are helping the export trade of dear old England."

In reply to the question, "What does the shipper get out of it?" the answer was, "Well, when you read in the papers that £2,000 worth of hosiery has been stolen, that amount would probably be sold for £250 or £300. This has to be split five or six ways."

In 1926 there were 1,468 motor-cars and motor-cycles reported to the clearing-house at New Scotland Yard as stolen from all parts of Great Britain. Of these, 1,002, or nearly 70 per cent., were stolen in the metropolitan area.

Growing evil

The total number "recovered" by the police in the same year was 1,135, of which 784, again about 70 per cent., were in London.

In 1925 only 423 motor-vehicles of all kinds were stolen in London and 284 were recovered, so this class of theft has increased in London nearly two and a half times in one year alone.

Outside the London area the increase was not nearly so significant. In 1926 the total number of thefts was only 466 as against 235 the previous year.

The police seem powerless to cope with these motor-car thefts and the lightning burglaries which are the sequel to so many of them.

Yet we make bold to say that if some of the premises used as night restaurants in the West End were raided, the results would be far more profitable than many of the spectacular prosecutions of society night clubs for offences against the Licensing Acts.

The restaurants are the parking-places for the burglars' kits.

Article 10 of the Aliens Order of 1920 enables the police authority, with the consent of the Secretary of State, to compel the closing, as places of refreshment, of premises frequented by aliens and conducted in a disorderly manner.

It is suggested that similar provision could by legislation be extended with great advantage to all such places, whether frequented by aliens or not.

It certainly is not in the interests of the general public that haunts of criminals such as that which has been described should be allowed to flourish unchecked.

The lesson taught

These places are breeding-grounds of crime. Many a young man makes his first acquaintance with wrong-doing in these surroundings.

He is taught to regard the forces of law and order as enemies. It is suggested to him that those forces are corrupt and that to oppose them is justifiable.

When such a man emerges from his first term of imprisonment he is greeted on his return to Soho with every expression of sympathy and admiration. From then on his face is set against society.

Much of these evil influences could be removed by the adoption of preventive measures within the powers of the Home Office.

Two Girls, A Yacht, and a Summer Night.

Read Harry Preston's breezy article in "The People" next Sunday.

Miss Diploma offers:

£200

for

LIMERICK LAST LINES

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £10
200 PRIZES OF 10/-
200 BOXES OF CHEESE EACH CONTAINING SIX 3d PORTIONS
200 TINS 'CORONET' MILK

Said an ex-toreador from Vigo,
"I lived on 'Diploma,' you know;
For sinew and muscle
And red blood corpuscle

.....

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar or Cheshire) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to: *Competition:* WELTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD. (Dept. 7), TROWBRIDGE, WILTS. *Closing Date:* Entries must reach us not later than Thursday, April 19th, 1928. *Result:* A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

Some Winning Last Lines
More than £3,500 distributed already

£50 WINNER.
Said a young married husband named Bill,
"I don't want to grumble, but still,
If you don't get 'Diploma'
You'll find me a roomer"
Her reply saved her house—Keeping Bill

£20 WINNER.
Said a young married husband named Bill,
"I don't want to grumble, but still,
If you don't get 'Diploma'
You'll find me a roomer"
"A nice thing! I like that!" said Jill.

£50 WINNER.
Said a charming young maiden of Kent
"On a Leap Year proposal I'm beat."
On a Crustless box cover
She wrote "To my lover"
Now she mends and he pays—"the rest."

£20 WINNER.
Said a charming young maiden of Kent
"On a Leap Year proposal I'm beat."
On a Crustless box cover
She wrote "To my lover"
"Happy Easter *tied*" both of them spent.

DIPLOMA

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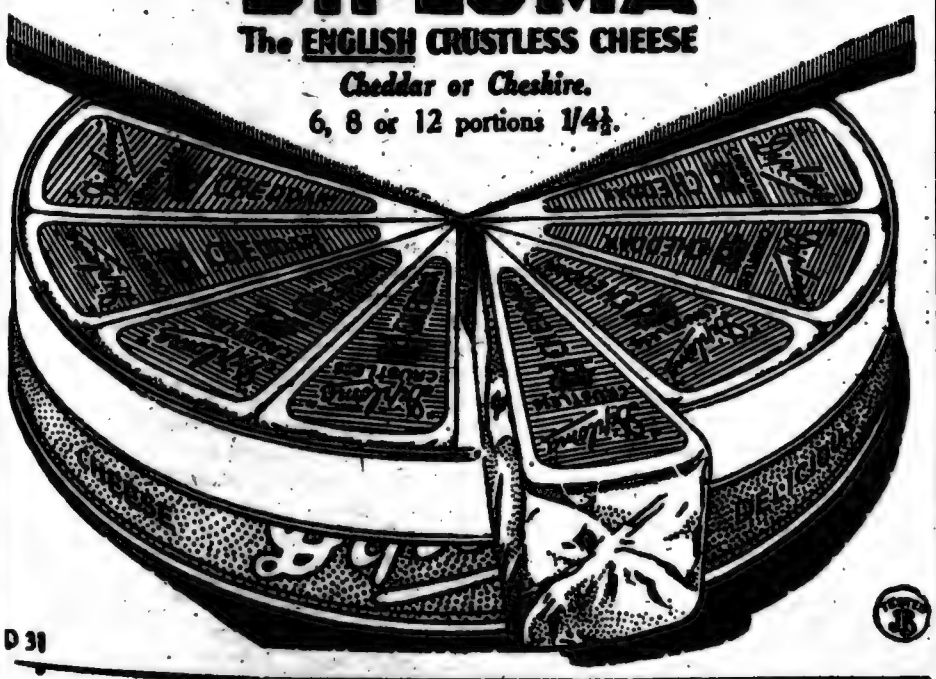

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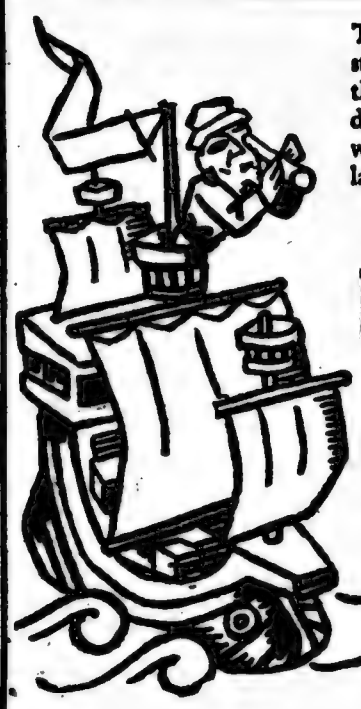

The *Daily Telegraph* leader writer recently stated that "Some learned historians say the craving of mankind for spices was the driving power in the exploration of the world. . . . . In seeking a way to the lands of spice Columbus lit upon America."

Have your men folk the appetite of Columbus?

NOT quite so large, perhaps, in these more civilised days, but probably much like him in the kind of things they enjoy.

Right inside them, men have in centuries changed very little—the same love of food spices that sent Columbus on his journey lives in nearly every man to-day.

Watch men's ways in their favourite grill-room; see how naturally 19 out of 20 reach for some spicy Relish to accompany their soup or steak or chop or cheese. Then you will know how deeply engrained is the masculine love of spices.

Don't let their home food lack the flavours they get outside—let them have, in generous measure, the spices they crave—add spices to the meat things you cook in the kitchen, and give them also the chance to add their own spiciness at table. It's easy to do this, and not at all expensive. Just the same savoury spices the ancients so eagerly sought for are the basis of to-day's YORKSHIRE RELISH, and a 2,400-drop bottle costs but 9d. at the nearest grocer's.

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"I owe my life to Elasto. I am now after four months' treatment, as well, and as happy as the day is long. You can use both my photo and my name as publicly as you please, as it is the only way I can show my gratitude for the wonderful cure." (Signed) Mrs. Teale, 9, Croydon Terrace, Holbeck, Leeds.

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ELASTO CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD.

AN APPALLING POWER

BUNGLERS WHO BREAK MEN

Shock for a Judge

IF a man's trade is to mend boots, to lay bricks or to overhaul the drains he is required to serve an apprenticeship. The cobbler, the bricklayer, the plumber must be a trained man. The amateur shoemaker is not allowed to spoil leather, or the untaught sanitary bungler to let fever loose.

But we leave in the hands of unskilled amateurs the awful work of breaking men. We demand no guarantee of fitness from those whose business it is to sit in judgment on their fellow-citizens, to administer complex laws, to punish crime.

All that is necessary is that a man or a woman should write "J.P." after his or her name. What this distinction amounts to is sufficiently well known to all who have had a hand in the political game.

Vague qualifications

The qualifications stipulated for in a Justice of the Peace are Party loyalty, humdrum respectability and that vague abstraction known as "public service"—meaning, as a rule, that a man has been useful at elections, or has served on the county or borough council without spoiling anybody's sleep.

Yet, once appointed, the J.P. is a power in the land. In towns where no stipendiary magistrate has been appointed these politically chosen justices are the local magistrates, sitting from day to day in the police-court, fining, imprisoning, committing for trial.

Their aptitude for the work may be no greater than a monkey's for mathematics.

But it is all the same. Outside London there are only seventeen legally trained and salaried magistrates in England and Wales.

In most boroughs, and in all rural areas, the J.P., who may be anything from a parson to a pork-butcher, holds the keys of the jail.

For years past the columns of JOHN BULL have borne witness to the resulting evils, to gross stupidity, wanton injustice and crass legal blundering.

We have seen men sent to hard labour for poaching or petty thefts sometimes for a first offence, while others have been fined trifling sums for blood-freezing acts of cruelty; women and children denied protection against the vilest outrage, while mere boys have been sent to prison for high-spirited acts of mischief; petty crimes, clearly traceable to poverty, visited with merciless severity.

Startling anomaly

The law provides an appeal to Quarter Sessions from the sentences of amateur justices, but of what use is this when the accused, who may be penniless, must provide security for the costs of the appeal amounting to £40?

Moreover, we have this startling anomaly. Over large areas of the country there is no guarantee that the appeal will be heard by judges better qualified than the local magistrates.

For, in country districts, the Quarter Sessions is simply an assembly of the local justices, meeting to transact county business, to hear appeals from Petty Sessions, and to

Mr. Justice Avory

try prisoners committed from the police courts.

There is no stipulation that any trained lawyer, any competent judge, shall sit on the County Quarter Sessions Bench.

Repairing blunders

If among the county magnates who are Justices of the Peace there happens to be one who has been called to the Bar, he may be elected chairman.

But the decisions of the court are reached collectively, and appeals decided by a majority vote of the Bench, all counting alike.

Yet these amateur courts have the power not only to hear appeals from fines and imprisonment imposed by local justices, but to try prisoners upon many of the gravest charges, and to impose sentences of penal servitude running to as much as seven years.

They exercise these powers, sometimes with appalling effects. The Court of Criminal Appeal in London spends a great part of its time undoing the blunders of amateur justices in Quarter Sessions.

A month or two ago the Oxfordshire magistrates had to try a man named William Charles for breaking into and stealing from a golf-club pavilion. The sentence they thought appropriate was five years' penal servitude. The Appeal Court reduced it to six months' hard labour!

The percentage of successful appeals from County Sessions, where lay magistrates are in command, has for many years been more than double that from convictions at Borough and City Sessions where professional Recorders are employed.

The root of the trouble is the snobbish self-conceit of the country gentry, who will not tolerate the suggestion of having a salaried barrister to preside over their deliberations.

The chairmanship of Quarter Sessions in a country district is a coveted local prize, conferring upon its holder a degree of social consideration he is unwilling to lose.

Mild comment

What matter a few years' penal servitude for some nondescript rascal, who in any case is probably no better than he should be, so long as our grand old British institutions can flourish as of yore?

Recently the Dorset magistrates, in Quarter Sessions assembled, convicted a young man named Peckham of chicken stealing, and sentenced him to eighteen months' hard labour. There was about as much evidence against him as there was against the Shah of Persia.

The Appeal Court instantly quashed the conviction, with the mild comment by Mr. Justice Avory that "the chairman of the Sessions had misled the jury in his summing-up."

It would not have been consonant with the dignity of the Bench to say that the unlearned chairman was an ignorant fool entrusted with powers which should never have been his.

Many of these Quarter Sessions Benches are absolutely unteachable. "This court has frequently said that it is not right to punish a man with severity for a trivial offence because at some previous stage of his career he has committed serious offences," remarked the Lord Chief Justice the other day.

Yet in the case under review a man had been sentenced by a county Bench to five years' penal servitude on a minor charge of housebreaking, although he had run straight for nearly twenty years, serving with distinction in the war.

No guarantee of justice

"It is a singular paradox," wrote a Cambridge Professor of Law, "that our constitution should permit trials not merely for petty matters of police, but for charges that seriously affect men's characters and liberty, to be conducted by persons who, however honourable and eminent, are legally untrained, whilst it requires a civil suit for the smallest ordinary debt to be heard before a professional lawyer. . . .

"In the Quarter Sessions of counties, except two or three populous ones possessing salaried chairmen, there is no guarantee for the accurate administration of justice."

Such an indictment from such a source is a challenge to the conscience of the community.

This abuse does not exist in Scotland or in Northern Ireland. Why does England lag behind?

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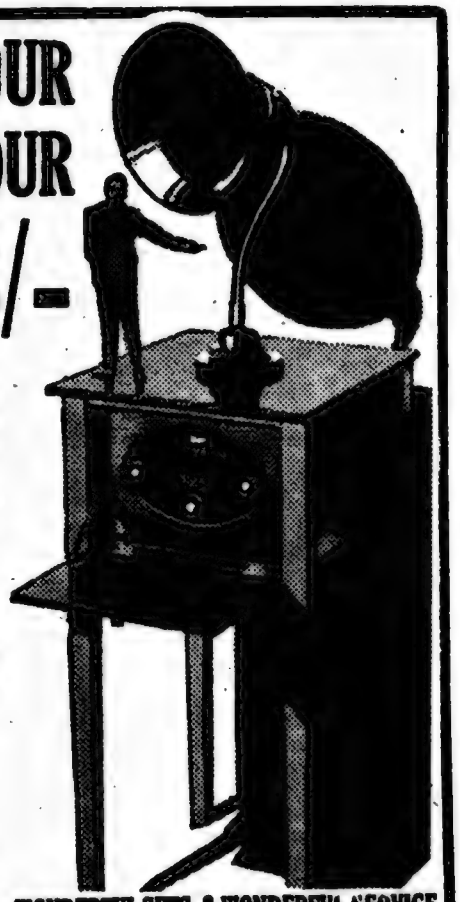

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Mr. Everyman: Well, with this length of credit I must give you references.

Mr. Drage: No; our four years' credit system does not alter the old Drage Way. We want no references, and not a penny will be added to the £96 for the four years' credit you are taking.

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In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

"SHE'S JUST WONDERFUL!"

"ANGELS of mercy." Wonderful words, with wonderful meaning. Yet they simply express the opinion of those brought into contact with the successors of "the lady of the lamp." Their noble work soothes sorrow and brings the sunshine of hope into darkened lives

MRS. MAXWELL was a nervous little woman, with a tired face and sad, anxious eyes. "You must forgive me," she said, as she betrayed some emotion. "You see, I've never been in a hospital before. I've come about my husband," she went on. "The doctor says he can't get better and that he'll likely be dead in three months."

Bravely she struggled to compose herself, but the tears started to trickle down her cheeks. "It's hard," she moaned, "when you have lived with a man for thirty-eight years to lose him."

And as I watched her anguish, I realised what a terrible wrench that parting was going to be.

Then very kindly I enquired of her, "You have come to ask me to find a bed for your husband in the hospital?" A half-afraid look came into her eyes. "No, oh no, not that," she answered.

That expression of fear vanished and her face shone with the light of a great pride as she explained, "We've never been away from each other, not once since we were married. And it would break his heart, and mine too, if we had to part now."

Everything to each other

There must have been many ups and downs in that married life of thirty-eight years, and yet "till death us do part" had not been an empty vow when Mrs. Maxwell plighted her troth.

"My husband and I have been everything to each other," she told me, "but we've been closer than ever since we had a great sorrow some years ago. We had a daughter," went on Mrs. Maxwell, quietly.

Then suddenly her whole attitude changed. "But I must not waste your time," she said. "That is not why I am here."

I asked in what way I could help her, and she told me. "Jim's been bad for two months now, and I've been looking after him myself. He's gradually getting worse, and it's become a day and a night job, and it's beginning to tell on me."

The strain of nursing her loved one had taken a heavy toll on Mrs. Maxwell, and she looked worn out. Then, very timidly, as though asking an impossibility, she made known her request.

Happy return

"I thought, maybe, you could tell me of a nurse who would be willing to come and relieve me a bit." I told her I was sure that something might be arranged. And then the half-afraid look came back again.

"I ought to tell you," she went on, "that we've only got a little house and there's not much convenience in it. Do you think the nurse would mind that?"

"Of course not," I told her, and my assurance was justified, for an hour later Mrs. Maxwell went back to her dying husband and with her went a nurse who was a worthy descendant of the noble "lady of the lamp."

A month passed by, and one afternoon that nurse called to see me. I enquired after her patient, and she told me that she was leaving him. "Leaving him?" I ventured, "I hope there's been no trouble."

"None at all," she answered, with a smile. "He's a dear and his wife is too, but they won't need me any more. Their daughter has come home, and there's not room for us all."

It was left to Mrs. Maxwell herself to explain what had happened. The other day she called again to see me. This time she was dressed in deep mourning. "My husband passed away very peacefully a fortnight ago," she started.

"I've not been able to call before to

Philip Inman

thank you for the nurse." "You liked her?" I asked. "Liked her?" she repeated. "She's just wonderful." With tears in her eyes, she spoke of her kindness, but that was only part of her service.

"We had some trouble with our daughter some years ago," continued my visitor, "and we said that we would never have her home again. It was nurse who made us change and persuaded us to send for her.

"I'm glad we did. It made her father so happy and she's a great comfort to me now. I shall never be afraid of a hospital again," concluded that widow woman, "when I know there are such angels of mercy in them as the nurse you sent to me."

The Sentence of the Court

BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

Diehards in the Dock

THERE was "Standing room only" in the dock when ten Conservative M.P.s were charged with insulting behaviour. Each exercised his right of challenge to exclude women from the jury and all pleaded "Not guilty."

"As the names of the accused are not sufficiently distinguished to be of public interest," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "it will save time if I refer to them as the Ten Tough Tories. We have heard much of the Seven Wonders of the World, but their number was increased by three when a vote was taken in the House on the Equal Franchise Bill.

"This measure aims at placing women on a political equality with men, and of the 397 Members who recorded their votes, only the Tenacious Ten voted in favour of keeping the young female of the species on a political equality with cows.

"And each endeavoured to justify his die-hardihood by trotting out dreary old arguments which were richly decorated with whiskers when Time was a small boy.

"'Women do not serve in the Army and Navy,' complained one. 'They know nothing of politics and would vote for the best-looking candidates,' predicted another, who may have had sound personal reasons for apprehension. 'It would place the lords of creation in a minority,' wailed a third. And (most devastating argument of all) 'The time is not yet ripe,' a fourth solemnly assured us.

"The words of wisdom from the remaining half-dozen were merely variations of the tune played by the Big-brained Four. All, apparently, had imbibed columns of flapdoodle about 'Votes for Flappers,' and all were determined to deny justice to the female rather than risk the wrath of the 'Mail.'

"Such an attitude at this time of day undoubtedly amounts to insulting behaviour, and in proof of this contention I can bring the evidence of 387 M.P. 'aye'-witnesses who will depose that these Ten Troglodytes were so blinded by prejudice that they could not see beyond their 'noes.'"

* * * *

Mr. Strawsplitter began by protesting against the overcrowded state of the dock, which he compared with the Black Hole of Calcutta. It was, he asserted, an inspiring sight to see these ten upholders of masculine supremacy standing shoulder to shoulder, like the boys of the Old Brigade, and showing the courage of their convictions.

"The flapper may be a very fascinating person in her place," concluded counsel; "but her place is the conservatory rather than the polling-booth. The nation should be grateful that it possesses these ten bull-men among a multitude of bar-lambs."

* * *

"Counsel has congratulated the prisoners on having the courage of their convictions, but it seems to me that they have merely shown the courage of their mental restrictions," said Mr. Justice Bull.

"Objection to the granting of votes to women of twenty-one because this will mean a numerical superiority of female voters does not amount to an argument against a democratic principle, but merely constitutes an unreasoning criticism of the laws of Nature.

"I am aware that there are still males (or-moles) who consider any sign of intelligence in a young woman a positive blemish, but most upholders of this school of thought are, I imagine, the sort of gentlemen who prefer blondes.

"A more virile variety takes the view that young girls, like young men, are as much entitled to a share in the government of the country as are the old women of both sexes whose voices are loud in the land.

"As I feel that this is a matter which should not be dealt with by an exclusively masculine tribunal, I will refer it to a higher authority by sending the prisoners back to their constituents."

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the counter and ask for 10d. change and this week's "Passing Show." Every Friday—Twopence.

Words Winged to Women

TEN BRAVE HE-MEN

by **MABEL HORNER**

"TO the Bishop of Durham's bitter taunt that women are needed first, always and only in the capacity of mothers, women reply, 'Give better conditions first.'"—JOHN BULL, April 7, 1928

THE "ten brave he-men" who marched into the lobby of the House of Commons to vote against the enfranchisement of women on the same terms as men are worthy of more admiration than our laughter. They had courage to stick to a hopelessly lost cause. They were willing to face being unseated—when they meet with their women electors later.

More dangerous, because more plausible, is the kind of opposition to women's spiritual advancement shown by Dr. Hensley Henson when he scathingly remarked that what the nation needs "is not female priests, but Christian wives and mothers."

To this there is only one answer, and women have made it: "Give us better conditions first."

Is it any wonder that the more intelligent women hesitate to become mothers in the present state of unemployment and housing?

I invite Dr. Hensley Henson to look at the homes of some of the women who have not evaded motherhood, but who have undergone all the long period of anxiety and travail of bringing a child into the world.

Not the ghost of a chance

There was one attending an inquest at Brighton the other day. Her name was Mrs. Leighton. She had been married seven years and had borne four children. But her eldest child died when whooping-cough broke out, because the whole family slept in one tiny room, 12 ft. by 8 ft. and 7 ft. high, in property that had been condemned, because the father found it simply impossible to get a better place.

"This child had not the ghost of a chance," testified Dr. Fraser. "If you brought all the doctors in Brighton to a sick person living in such conditions it would not help a bit."

The coroner corroborated that the place was terrible, with no water laid on and an open lavatory that several cottages must share, and he thought the whole thing a scandal to Brighton.

At Hythe the Town Council has made a closing order in respect of slum property. It is terrible property. There is no damp-course; rain comes through the ceiling, walls are wet, and the roof sagging. Planks are needed for people walking through the filthy yards to reach their thresholds.

The Rt. Rev. Herbert Hensley Henson, D.D., Bishop of Durham

But the owners of this slum property objected to this closing order and an appeal was heard against it by a Government inspector, the person who made the appeal being the Rev. H. A. Day. So much for "male priests" and their views on housing.

Come away to the north. The Lancashire people are among the most house-proud in the world. But in Blackburn, a typical mill-town, there are 900 applicants for houses on the Corporation's waiting list.

All these people are living at present not in a house, but a room. They pay as much as 10s. 6d. a week for a room, "that is only called furnished by a wicked abuse of words."

But let us pass to the latest report of the Scottish Board of Health and see what housing is like up there.

"It is impossible," it states, "to draw any picture which could adequately describe the conditions under which we found human beings living in practically the whole of the houses which we inspected."

Awful conditions

Built in the middle of a hollow square, hard up against high buildings on all sides, they have no proper ventilation or light. Damp is everywhere. Tenants burn gas all day because there is no light. Wood is rotting. Ceilings falling. The street can be seen through holes.

"*The houses are a hunting-ground for vermin of every description. Fleas, of course, abound, but we found also that practically every property we inspected was absolutely bug-ridden.*

"In addition to the insects, we found evidence of a perfect menagerie of animal life, including lice, rats in great numbers, mice, cockroaches, snails, and toads."

Neither adults nor children have any chance of health. The medical officers and other inspectors of the Glasgow Corporation felt their hearts touched as from tenant after tenant of these vile hovels they heard the story of one, two, three precious children dead.

I am very glad that women now have the vote on the same terms as men and that women are in the majority. I also wish the "female priest" of Dr. Henson's anathema might come into being.

I fancy, if and when she does, she will preach the truth about things that matter and one of them will be housing. She may also tell a few home-truths to those who own these slum horrors, for theirs is the real guilt.

HIS SHIP COMES HOME

Ex-Soldier's "Bullet" Wins 3,000 Guineas

SCOTLAND has quickly followed up her victory on the football field, for it is a Scotsman who has won the "Bullets International."

Every sportsman is ready to admit when he is beaten and to congratulate the winner. Three cheers, then, "Bullets" sportsmen, for Mr. William Bell, of 13, Williamson Avenue, Dumbarton, who has just scored a 3,000 Guineas "goal" in our record "Ideal Home" contest.

Mr. William Bell

A wiry-looking young man is Mr. Bell. However great a shock the news of his success may have been, he had quite recovered his composure as he chatted with a JOHN BULL man in his tastefully furnished little flat.

"You're absolutely certain I *am* the winner?" he enquired with characteristic caution. "I've never won more than five shillings before and 3,000 guineas seems a lot of money for those few words." When reassured of his success, Mr. Bell's smile grew still broader. "I've been trying my hand at 'Bullets' for a long time past," he said, "but until this year I seemed to have got stuck in the 'Target' rut.

"People who know I go in for competitions seem to think I'm a bit queer in the head." He glanced meaningly at pretty young Mrs. Bell.

Looks like a winner

"I never could understand them," she admitted laughingly, "so I can't claim a bit of credit for what my husband's done."

"For me," continued Mr. Bell, "'Bullets' has been an interesting way of filling in an odd half-hour when I'm feeling in the mood—nothing more.

"It's wonderful how you get into the way of thinking along 'Bullets' lines after the first few weeks. When you've studied a few winning lists, you begin to see what the judges want.

"You realise where you have gone wrong and you slog away at the 'Examples' again.

"That's been my slogan—'Slog on!' I got it from a First Prize 'Bullet' some years back and now it's brought me a First Prize myself."

Mr. Bell's winning "Bullet" came aptly from a man who served in the war—ARMY AND NAVY—MAKE MEN—DESTROY MANKIND.

"You have won the choice of an Ideal Home, Furniture, Motor-car and 1,000

Photographic reproduction of cheque sent to the winner

Guineas—or 3,000 Guineas," our representative reminded him.

Mr. Bell glanced at his wife. Together they looked round the cosy home which they have been getting together since their marriage last year.

"I've got the Ideal Home already," he said. "I'll take the money."

Who will be the next to "take the money" for a "Bullet"? Another substantial cheque is waiting for somebody on page 35.

YOU simply must stride with a swing when you put on a pair of shapely free-and-easy "232" Grey Flannels.

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They'll serve you loyally at work or play.

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SILVER TONE
64 FITTINGS

"232" FLANNEL

Obtainable Everywhere

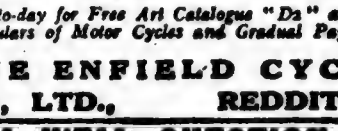
You're envious! — envious of my 'bus

"'Pon my word, it *is* surprising the number of fellows there are about like you—simply miserable with envy of others' pleasures. Why not get one yourself?"

"Well, you see, er—circumstances are not quite——"

"All nonsense, old chap. Surely you know that you can get a Royal Enfield for £9 1s. 3d. down and 12 monthly payments of £2 9s. 0d.? Edith knows all about it. My word, we find life worth all its little troubles now. Don't do the envy business any longer, go and get an Enfield, and remember the payments fully insure you, too, and every secrecy is observed over the transaction. Well, bye-bye."

ROYAL ENFIELD MOTOR CYCLES FROM 2.25 H.P. TO 9.76 H.P., SOLO OR SIDECAR—BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.



Send to-day for Free Art Catalogue "D2" and full particulars of Motor Cycles and Gradual Payments.

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO., LTD., REDDITCH.

A VITAL QUESTION.

To Girls Between 18 and 27.

A startling fact disclosed by the Registrar General's latest report is that the rates of mortality for females between 18 and 27 are increasing.

What is the cause of this? Probably one reason is that so many girls nowadays lead sedentary lives. They often work or live in ill-ventilated rooms and do not get enough outdoor exercise. As a consequence, they become run-down; their appetite grows fickle; they get listless, complain of headaches, and become pale and depressed. In a word, they have become anæmic, and if unchecked, anæmia is often the forerunner of a decline.

Anæmia can promptly be banished by enriching your blood, and the most reliable blood enricher yet discovered is Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills have transformed thousands of pale, anæmic girls into strong, robust women. Almost as soon as you begin taking Dr. Williams' pink pills you will feel the benefit. Your appetite will pick up, you will be brighter and more energetic, and the colour will return to your cheeks.

FREE.—No girl should miss reading the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save.

ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER BEST & PUREST

Human Documents

A Semi-Detached Soldier

Dangerous Courtship—A Fool's Letters—Wiser to Wait

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"MINE is a problem with which you are, no doubt, familiar, that of a wife who has found her husband drifting from her and cannot help wondering whether it is worth while trying to hold him any longer.

"My husband is a non-commissioned officer in the Army. For a while we were fairly happy, though circumstances made it necessary for us to live our lives to a great extent apart.

"When we married I was the only girl in the family left to look after my mother, who has been an invalid for many years, and as we could not find anyone else to care for her, we thought the best thing would be for me to remain at home with her, and for my husband to spend as much time as he could with me there.

"THIS arrangement worked satisfactorily at first, and I was very happy when a baby girl came to be a comfort to me in my husband's absence. Now, however, this semi-detached existence seems to have been broken altogether.

"My husband was recently at home with me on leave. He seemed rather distant all the time, but during the last two days he behaved abominably. He actually tried to make me sign a paper consenting to a separation and used the most disgusting language when I refused.

"As soon as he returned to barracks he stopped all my allowance, and he is trying to make his case appear good by pretending to offer me a home in the married quarters. He knows he is safe in doing this as I am quite unable to leave my poor invalid mother.

"He tells me that so long as I refuse to abandon her so as to go to live with him in married quarters I cannot make him pay any allowance either for myself or for my baby, and to crown all he demands the child and declares that he will take her away from me."

"HUMANIST" says: *Placing the most generous construction upon your husband's conduct, it is difficult to excuse it. It may be that the irksomeness of a semi-detached existence, combined perhaps with a passing infatuation for another woman, may have led him to behave in that way. It would be worth your while to write to the commanding officer and ask him to investigate the matter. If an amicable settlement cannot be arrived at in that way, apply for a maintenance order in the local court. The court would take your husband's attempt to force you to agree to a separation against your will into consideration, and would not without good reason part you from your child.*

* * *

"FOUR years ago my daughter commenced a courtship with a man employed at the same place as herself. When I saw him I realised what he was and I told her that I thought if she waited awhile she would probably meet a much better life-partner, but she replied that she did not intend to consult me in her love affairs.

Drifting Daughter

"Thinking that perhaps he had finished sowing his wild oats and would settle down, I allowed her to bring him home for Christmas. As soon as he arrived he sent for a gallon jar of ale and never moved from it until it was empty.

"This was a true index to his character, and to my deep distress my daughter is drifting into terrible habits of drinking through her association with him.

"This wretched fellow is not even constant in his courtship. He leaves my daughter for weeks at a time while he philanders with other women, yet she goes back to him. You will appreciate my anxiety when I tell you that a girl he previously courted is now on the streets.

"A climax came when my poor girl came home after midnight reeling drunk and snatched a knife to stab me when I remonstrated with her.

"She is of full age, yet I don't want to turn her adrift. Her aunt urges me to continue to try to win her back, but I feel after this last scene that she must win me back."

"HUMANIST" says: *You must not allow your heart to become hardened against your wayward daughter while there is the slightest hope of reclaiming her. There must be times when she is in a mood to feel remorse, and you should seize such opportunities of making her realise how bitterly she will suffer herself as well as cause you to suffer if she continues to drift as she is doing.*

* * *

"I AM just forty and happily married. I worship my wife, but I have got myself into an unpleasant mess by acting like a fool.

Forty and a Fool

"My work takes me away from home on contracts for long periods, and recently I was away from my wife for some months. During that time I made the acquaintance of a girl not long left school.

"I made no secret of my age or of the fact that I was a married man, and I never took her out or anything of that sort, but when I was leaving the district a foolish impulse prompted me to ask her to write to me.

"While there was nothing suggestively improper in my letters, I must confess that I rambled on like some love-sick idiot, and I only realised the harm I had done when she replied telling me she loved me, and saying that she could not put her love aside even though I was a married man.

"The next thing that happened was a letter from her, evidently dictated by someone else, saying that she wished to have no further communication with me, and another from her mother threatening to put the matter in the hands of the police unless I apologised.

"I apologised most humbly, but I find that the mother has spread the story all over the district, much to my detriment. Can I do anything to stop my character being further damaged in this way?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Most people would say that at forty you are more blackguard than fool to have written love-letters in such circumstances, for you have not the excuse of youth which the girl had for her foolishness in consenting to receive them. Can't you appreciate the mother's outrayed feelings? The best way for you to redeem your character is to be careful how you behave to schoolgirls in future.*

CASH THE COUPONS!

Are you cutting out the "John Bull" Pen Coupons every week? By so doing you can pocket a shilling and get a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE!

Turn to page 2.

"UNHAPPILY, I have been informed that I am suffering from pulmonary trouble which may or may not be cured. Within the next few months my firm is opening a branch abroad to which I can be sent, and this may prove my salvation.

Health and Happiness

"I am over thirty years of age, and for some time have carried on an informal courtship with a girl of whom I am exceedingly fond. She reciprocates my affection, and despite the fact that a cure is uncertain, she is anxious for a formal engagement.

"The problem which I find difficult to settle for myself is whether I should be acting unwisely or unfairly in agreeing to an immediate betrothal.

"The girl is attractive, and there are other men with no physical handicaps who would be glad enough to look after her.

"I am afraid she may grow tired of waiting indefinitely, and although I believe my love is returned, I cannot help wondering if a certain amount of pity is not urging her to make promises she may later regret."

"HUMANIST" says: *I think you would be wise to wait. You cannot hope for complete happiness while your health remains uncertain, and the fact that you think the girl may grow tired of waiting indefinitely itself suggests that a further period without formal betrothal, which would probably settle the point one way or the other, is desirable.*

* * *

Mother's Baby

"I obtained a separation order from my husband owing to his cruelty. He has never paid my maintenance, but he has persuaded my youngest child, a girl of thirteen, to go to him and the disreputable woman with whom he is living. My heart bleeds for my baby. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Report the matter in the first place to the local officer of the N.S.P.C.C., who will investigate the matter, and if your child is in moral danger he will help you to get her restored to your care.*

Greedy Guardians

"Through long unemployment my wife and I have for some time been dependent upon guardians' relief. They refuse further assistance unless I can give them the address of my mother-in-law, whom they appear to think should be able to support us. We neither of us know where she is."

"Humanist" says: *Your mother-in-law is not responsible for your maintenance, nor you for hers. Ask your representative on the board of guardians to take up the matter with the relief committee.*

Shameful Slander

"Neighbours are suggesting that my fiancée, who recently spent a week's holiday at home with her parents, went away to have an illegitimate child, in consequence of which she is in danger of being dismissed from her work. What can be done?"

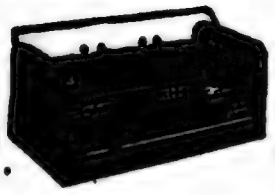
"Humanist" says: *If a girl can prove that anyone has declared that she is unchaste she can probably maintain an action for slander, and I suggest that your fiancée should consult a solicitor.*

Exide

THE LONG LIFE BATTERY

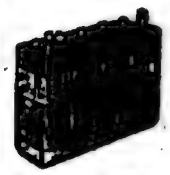
TYPES WH & WJ FOR HIGH TENSION

WH 60-volt
In crate with wire carrying handle.
Price £2:14:0



CAPACITY: 5,000 milli-amp. hrs.

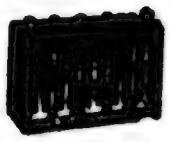
The absolute freedom from voltage fluctuation of Exide Batteries and their steady supply of current ensure good tone and ample volume, making available a quality of reception unobtainable with any other source of H.T. supply.



WH 10-volt
CAPACITY: 5,000 milli-amp. hrs.
PRICE 7/6
(9d. per volt).
Obtainable from Your Local Dealer or Exide Service Agent.

Exide TYPES & PRICES	Type WH. Capacity 5,000 milli-amp. hrs.	Type WJ. Capacity 2,500 milli-amp. hrs.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
24-Volt unit ...	1 4 0	—
10-Volt unit ...	7 6	5 0
20-Volts in crate	—	12 6
Complete in crate with detachable wire handle.	—	—
40-Volts	1 17 6	1 5 0
60-Volts	2 14 0	1 17 6
In polished container with lid.	—	—
60-Volts	—	2 0 0
80-Volts	—	2 12 6
100-Volts ...	—	3 5 0

USE EXIDE BATTERIES FOR LOW TENSION



WJ 10-volt
CAPACITY: 2,500 milli-amp. hrs.
PRICE 5/-
(6d. per volt).
TYPE WJG 10-volt for Grid Bias, 2-volt tappings, 5/6.

Advertisement of The Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., Clifton Junction, Manchester.

STAINLESS CUTLERY

DIRECT FROM THE SHEFFIELD FACTORY

50 PIECES as shown (without case).

This beautiful Service of genuine Sheffield-made Stainless Cutlery lends charm to the table and makes meals enjoyable. Manufactured in the Graves Cutlery Works

THE WORLD'S FINEST CUTLERY VALUE

RELIABLE and well finished in every detail, will give life-long service, and afford you pleasure every time. The Table and Dessert Knives are of Sheffield Stainless Steel, with Ivorette handles. They need no cleaning, and will sharpen to a keen razor-like cutting edge. The Carvers are of the finest Sheffield Double Shear Steel and are fitted with Ivorette handles. Spoons and Forks are of Columbian Silver which wears white all through.

5/- WITH ORDER

We spread payment over Ten Months. Merely send 5/- with order and you will receive the complete service. Carriage Paid, for you to examine in your own home. If entirely pleased with it, send Nine Monthly Payments of 5/- Money Immediately refunded in full if you are not entirely satisfied.

IN your own interest you should seriously consider whether you ought not to accept this offer at once. Nothing spoils the look of a table like a scratch lot of badly worn cutlery; and to eat your food with blunt, worn-out knives and forks is like asking for indigestion and stomach trouble. It doesn't give your food a chance to do you good. You cannot blame the butcher or the cook if you will persist in using poor cutlery.

CATALOGUE POST FREE. Cutlery Services, Carvers, Knives of all descriptions, Handsome Plate, etc in tasteful designs, all of the very highest quality and excellence offered at the lowest bargain prices and on Easy Terms. Send a Post Card to-day.

RECENT TESTIMONY.

A.G. Walthamstow.—"I am very pleased indeed with the service of Cutlery purchased. It is as well finished, everything being in perfect condition."

P. Nottingham.—"I might mention that the Cutlery we had of you 9 years ago is still in wear."

J. G. GRAVES Ltd., MANUFACTURING, SHEFFIELD.

house hunting?

WOULDN'T this house suit you? You may want something smaller or something larger—but make sure of one thing: live in a home that is really your own.

The Abbey Road has huge funds ready for liberal advances to assist home ownership. Put a portion of your savings into the purchase price of the house you want and the Abbey Road will supply the balance. Repay the advance by fixed monthly instalments over a period of years. You own your own home now—every improvement you make will increase the value of your own property and, finally, you live rent free in the house of your choice.

A unique insurance policy ensures by a single premium that in the event of your death the mortgage is cancelled and your property free for the benefit of your next-of-kin.

Let the Abbey Road help you now; costs are low, terms equitable, service speedy and efficient.

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Please send me your booklet "ASSISTANCE FOR HOUSE PURCHASE."

Name.....

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Branches at Norwich Plymouth Portsmouth Reading Salisbury Southampton Southend Stoke-on-Trent Torquay Watford Winchester

Spots!
Gone for Good

Why continue with ineffective ointments and so-called remedies when you can go straight to the cause of the trouble by taking Wex, which removes spots completely in a few days.

Actual testimony from a delighted user:—

"I have suffered from spots on my face for years and I have tried numerous medicines and ointments without effect. So I am pleased to say that after taking Wex for only a fortnight they have now disappeared and my skin is much healthier. Wex is also delightful to take."
15th *February*, 1928. (*Miss*) *A. A.*

WHY WEX REMOVES SPOTS

If your bile is thick and sluggish, your liver cannot do its work. Then spots appear on the skin and you suffer from coated tongue, indigestion and a host of minor ailments. Wex goes to the root of the trouble. It assists nature by thinning the bile. The impurities which are clogging the system are removed and the skin becomes clear once more Wex is sold by 7,000 chemists, including all Branches of Boots, Taylors Drug Co., Timothy White & Co., at 1/6 a bottle (2/6 double quantity), and is made by E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd. (Established 1756), Manchester, the world-famous makers of Kruschen Salts and Radox Bath Salts.

JUMPY MEN AND NERVOUS WOMEN

Troubles Bred by Malnutrition

Doctors have good news for men and women who are run down, weak, under weight, nervous and irritable. All these troubles spring from malnutrition, a failure of the digestive system to extract the nourishment from food. Doctors have always known that good old-fashioned cod liver oil would bring a speedy cure. But, alas, few people could take cod liver oil because its nasty, fishy taste and smell themselves upset the stomach.

Now you *can* take cod liver oil. Now you can get the valuable elements from the finest cod liver oil concentrated in little sugar-coated tablets, McCoy's, tasteless, odourless and as easy to take as sweets, but even more beneficial than if you forced yourself to take the nauseating oil. McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets are simply wonderful for any man or woman who is run down, nervous or under weight. They bring new appetite, soothe and restore frayed nerves and infallibly rebuild the wasted flesh. If you are under weight and don't put on at least 3 lb. with one month's treatment as prescribed, the makers will refund all you paid.

Any chemist will testify to the value of McCoy's, 1/3 and 3/- the box. Insist on McCoy's Tablets, the original and *only* genuine. Refuse imitations. In case of difficulty, write direct to McCoy's Laboratories, Norwich.

Our Letter Parliament

Torturing Human Souls

Cheap Patriotism—A Wicked Display—Killing the Kiddies

THE picture that Mr. Rhys J. Davies gives us (JOHN BULL, March 31) of the Welsh town is both startling and pitiful. Can nothing be done? Were it a devastated town in France, or an uncivilised village in Africa, we should have societies crying for funds, but being in Britain nothing is done to alleviate the suffering. As usual, the Government with its eyes glued on the horizon of the future, fails to see the misery and darkness at its feet.—*Y. Z., Beighton.*

Froth!

If our Labour leaders made as much noise about the conditions in the coalfields as they have been doing about the "Red Letter," there might be a chance of something being done. Also we have Mr. J. H. Thomas saying that the slums in Derby are hellish and that no sacrifice would be too great if we could get rid of them, and then going off on a joy trip to open a harbour, joking about boiled shirts and champagne before leaving.—*M. H., Glasgow.*

Wait and See

Whatever may be the causes that have brought about the present state of affairs bordering on famine in South Wales, there is no reason why the Government should hold itself aloof and wait for matters to right themselves. Politicians have no real interest in solving problems that do not come home to them, but it will have to be made abundantly clear to them that practical help and aid must be forthcoming if their reputations are to be preserved. Inertia of Government Departments when so much is required of them to alleviate wholesale distress should be made a crime.—*First Aid, Warminster.*

Haunting Dread

It is not easy in Christian England to imagine the poverty and shameful distress that exists in Abergwnfi. In North Notts, which is the richest coalfield in the country, one does not know how to exist. Hundreds of men are being sacked and it is a daily fear which haunts and worries a man lest he is in the next batch.—*A Miner, North Notts.*

Must they Starve?

Although numerous benefactors have come to our aid, we look to the Government, apparently in vain, to solve the mining problem. Blaina has six collieries. Five are dismantled, the other one has been stopped for seven months, but resumes work shortly. A few hundred men are to be signed on. What are the remaining hundreds to do? Can we all get work elsewhere?—*W. G., Blaina.*

All Condemned

The horrible conditions in mining districts condemns religionists, economists and politicians alike, in a so-called civilised country. The imps of hell could not devise a more horrible system of torturing human souls than that depicted. The nation's duty is clear: Wake up! and obliterate this bloody stain at once, that besmirches so fair an isle.—*T. E. S., Cardiff.*

Daughter's Shame

Here in Durham men who have worked thirty and forty years in the brick-yards belonging to the coal companies are being dismissed, and their places taken by girls at the munificent wage of 3s. 4d. a day of nine hours. But what a shame that the daughter should be compelled by sheer poverty to take her father's job at such a scandalous wage!—*M. B. F., Grangetown.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Poverty's Handicap

Many miners, when wages were better than they are at present, sought to educate their children and thus save them from the menace of the pits. Now that wages are so insufficient what a struggle these parents must have in continuing the education of their sons and daughters! At present, I, one of a family of four, am preparing for a University degree course, beginning in October next. The family income is my father's wage, which, owing to recent reductions, is now 25s. My scholarship covers fees, but what about maintenance?—*H. C., Durham.*

"British" Ships

Another instance of the "patriotism," or lack of it, so justifiably condemned by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson (JOHN BULL, March 31), is to be found in the fact that during the past five years 127 ships have been built in foreign yards for British owners. Had this tonnage, amounting to 162,452, and registered as British, been built in home shipyards, it would have greatly enhanced the nation's purchasing power, decreased unemployment, and provided a more efficient industrial safeguard than the hampering preference or tariff barrier.—*J. R., Glasgow.*

Creating Criminals

The article by Mr. H. Stuart Baker (JOHN BULL, March 31) deals with one of the most pressing problems of the day. These boy tramps, who have usually had no opportunity of finding employment, are thrown out into a world which deals them only hard knocks, at an age when control is a vital necessity. There can be no doubt that such conditions are a prominent factor in the creation of criminals, and the matter calls for immediate action.—*Lanky, Oxford.*

Printers' Pie

[*Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."*]

"NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"Mr. —— took the chair at the 'Burns Night' dinner, when he proposed the toast of the evening "to the IMMORAL MEMORY of the great national poet."

"WHITCHURCH HERALD":—"Antiques realise high prices. . . . £5 15s. for a GRANDFATHER COCK."

"NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN":—"Shorthand typist required, with experience in motor insurance preferred. State age, salary required (IF ANY)."

"SURREY ADVERTISER":—"Tortoiseshell butterflies were DESPOILING THEMSELVES in the sunshine."

"IRISH INDEPENDENT":—"In that particular division 30,000 OUT OF THE 28,000 succeeded in getting on the Parliamentary register."

"EVENING CITIZEN":—"For trimming one handsome CLOTH GOAT four specimens of this fox were used."

"RUGBY ADVERTISER":—"For sale, useful half-legged grey mare; 61 YEARS; give any trial."

"LINCOLN AND DISTRICT ADVERTISER":—"We have a big range of TAPESTRY CARPET SQUARES from 3 by 1½ to 4 by 3½.

Pigs Don't Pay

The reason why there are one million fewer pigs in Great Britain to-day than in 1924 is that it doesn't pay to breed pigs. In 1924, a pig at six weeks' old was worth 45s.; to-day, it is worth 10s., and all we can get for a score of pork is 13s. With corn at 12s. 6d. cwt., it doesn't pay the farmer to breed pigs.—*G. W., Cornwall.*

Another Waterloo

Lord Rothermere tells us that Mussolini will probably dominate the history of the twentieth century as Napoleon dominated that of the early nineteenth. At that rate, unless the somnambulists at Geneva do something, we shall have another Waterloo, with a hundred times the bloodshed of the last.—*A. E., Westcliff.*

Bad Example

It was a grave mistake for England to welcome King Amanullah with such an effective display of militarism. No doubt the King of Afghanistan was impressed, but for England, who should, if anything, set an example to other nations in relation to disarmament, to greet its foreign guest with this show of warfare is absolutely disgraceful.—*G. S., Poole.*

Another Death Machine

The War Office has awarded a prize of £3,000 for the invention of an automatic rifle which will discharge from thirty to forty rounds per minute, according to who happens to be handling it. When are we going to realise that sums like this should go a long way towards "humanity's requirements"?—*E. J. H., Devonport.*

Going—Gone!

Mock auctions have long been pestilent frauds, particularly at the big holiday resorts, and it is gratifying to note that a Bill has been introduced into Parliament with the object of prohibiting them. That a large section of the public is so gullible, in spite of persistent exposures in JOHN BULL, is remarkable.—*M. H., Huddersfield.*

Cottage Snatchers

The housing question is being made as acute in the country districts as anywhere through cottages getting snapped up by people who can afford better accommodation. I have heard of cases where 13s. per week has been offered, and accepted, for a four-roomed cottage which was formerly let at 5s. 6d. A man paid 30s. or less a week has no chance against such competition. No wonder workers are leaving the land.—*H. B., Steyning.*

Tenement Victims

The death-rate from measles of children under five in Glasgow is three times as high as it is in Birmingham, and the cause is stated, by the Public Health Department, to be the tenement system of housing in Glasgow. Smaller buildings, larger rooms, and more open spaces are urgently needed, and before we can have these things the land must be owned by the nation.—*Worker, Clydeside.*

Tired Drivers

Official investigation should be made into the malpractices of certain 'bus companies. Some men are driving 'buses for twelve hours a day during six days a week, and, in addition, are now expected to drive long-distance Sunday excursion parties. Is there any cause to wonder at the crop of fatal accidents occurring each week-end, when tired-out men are given the responsibility of conducting huge, often overloaded charabancs?—*H. M., Glasgow.*

Regenerates jaded nerves

Mr. SID HARMER
the world-famous Athlete and Record Holder, writes:

"ALMOST everybody, athletic and otherwise, has experienced the time when they seem to be out of sorts. Those things that they could easily do before can now only be performed with a seemingly tremendous effort. The athletic tyro believes that he can overcome this condition by redoubling his efforts. The sensible man knows that when he reaches this stage he must rest. The rest in itself is a great tonic, but if allied with a course of Phosferine, the 'lay-off' is shortened, and the 'come-back' more complete. As a Physical Culture Consultant, I am convinced that exercise is the finest method of obtaining health and keeping fit. But there are those who "cannot" find time to exercise, and, moreover, have little or no faith in it. These are the people who are more frequently in a state of lassitude, nervousness and depression. Phosferine will ward off those attacks, and regenerate those jaded nerves." . . . . . *31, Pomeroy Street, London, S.E.14. 16th August, 1927.*

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. Tablets and Liquid. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.
Aldwych

Corns Like Hobnails

Simply Fell Out

Here is a remarkable testimony to Radox Bath Salts. This gentleman had actually been driven out of his employment by corns. So bad were they that walking became almost impossible. He then put his feet into a Radox footbath. In twenty minutes his corns were out and his troubles were over. Read his letter:—

"I have been out of employment for a long time owing to having very bad corns on both my feet, and not being able to take a berth that meant a lot of walking about. At last I had to take one, and after the first day I was in such agony that I was afraid I would have to give it up. I was advised to try Radox. I soaked my feet in hot water containing Radox for twenty minutes, and the corns that were like hobnails simply fell out. I had a very bad heel also, but after the soaking in your Radox every corn has gone, and my heel is quite in order."
3rd March, 1928. H. M., Bristol.

Get this relief from corns now, before the hot weather comes and corns grow more painful. When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the roots of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. Ask for Radox at your chemist's. Price 1/6 per 4lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

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Skin Sallow, Appetite Poor, Bowels Bad.

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NEWBURY'S CONSOLATION PRIZE

The Race for Lincolnshire Failures—Orbindos Once More—Code Selections—Unlucky Geum—Gang Warily's Schoolmaster

THE 2,800 to 1 starting price double which opened the season makes one a bit squeamish about the big events. However, we must pass over the nightmare and turn to the Newbury Cup, which comes up for decision this week-end.

OVER and over again this event has proved a consolation prize for one of the Lincolnshire failures. Orbindos brought it off last year, and I do not put Mr. Coulson's horse out of the reckoning again in spite of his recent race on the Carholme. Certainly, it is difficult on the book to see how he is to turn the tables on Philammon and The Mohawk if both are started, but such reversals of form do occur.

MY records of the placings do not go very far back, but I recollect that, in addition to Orbindos, Arranmore, Wrack, Royal Alarm and Condover failed in the first big handicap and picked up the Newbury prize. What Orbindos has accomplished once he may repeat, and I suggest an each-way wager. His form at Lincoln was obviously too bad to be true.

I HAVE seen most of the Newbury Spring Cups for the past fifteen years. Wrack, Lord Rosebery's hurdler, won it in consecutive years, and was much better backed on the first occasion. Royal Alarm finished fifth or sixth in the Lincoln. Condover was well down the course on the Carholme, but, if I recollect rightly, he was one of the victims of a breakaway.

AT Newbury he was on the 20 to 1 mark ten minutes before the "off," and came rattling down to "fives." The start was several minutes late, and I think if it had been delayed much longer Condover would have been round about evens. He won as he liked.

FIELDS at Newbury are nearly always very large, and glancing at the entries in the "Calendar" they look as if they will be up to standard once more. I shall leave my minor selections to the code, but in the meantime suggest a modest investment on any of the Aga Khan's two-year-olds, and also a little on Mr. O. W. Rayner's horses.

The Aga Khan, an owner to follow at Newbury

IN the brief racing the code has had mixed luck. The Lincoln losses were made good at Liverpool when Tabennite and Elizabeth L colt brought off a 12½ to 1 double. Following this, the next selection sent out was Geum, who won at Nottingham at 9 to 2 and was disqualified for bumping and boring.

THE Stewards' decision was unquestioned, but, once again, it raises our unfair rules regarding disqualified horses. Geum made all the running until challenged close home by the favourite, Glad Eye, and must have finished first or second. The disqualified rule places him last and backers lose place bets.

ONE or two backers have asked me to let them have a Horses Who's Who, as they missed Impropriety and Sermon, not knowing that they were the Crimson Square colt and Discourse colt of last season. Whereas two-year-olds may be raced unnamed, three-year-olds must be "christened," and the latter are easy to miss first time out in a new season.

NAMES registered appear week by week in the "Racing Calendar," and to publish an up-to-date record would take most of the space, but here are some of last season's juveniles:

1927	1928
ACCURATE C.	SILVATE.
BLACK RAY F.	SARSDEN.
CHERIMOYA C.	THE CHEERFUL ABBOT.
CHARLEBELLE C.	INTERNATIONAL.
DEAS MHUMA F.	DEPICT.
EDDYSTONE F.	PELMESTRA.
GAGGLE C.	GOOSE KISS.
HEREFORD DALE F.	GREENDALE.
LEIGHON TOR C.	LUCKY TOR.
MERRY CHRISTMAS F.	YULETIDE.
NANTGARW C.	LITTLE BROOK.
PARSIMONY F.	THRIFT.
PICTURA F.	KODAK.
POSTBRIDGE C.	BRIMPS.
RHODOPE F.	ROSE OF ATHENS.
SEVERN TUNNEL C.	ROCK TUNNEL.
TETRAGYNIA F.	ALVISTA.
VESPERS F.	GOLDEN VERSE.

ANOTHER source of trouble is the unknown jockey. Punters are scared of him. A new name which will go in the frame pretty regularly is E. Simmons. This light-weight has come recently from Australia, where he has won every race worth winning, so don't be put off when you see his name in the list of "probable jockeys." Simmons rode a fine race on Countess Aldegond at Lincoln.

GANG WARILY is Fred Darling's best three-year-old. The colt has wintered well, but it is early days to say whether he is likely to follow in the footsteps at Epsom of the Beckhampton treble, Captain Cuttle, Manna and Coronach. Darling is just getting back to serious work after a bad illness, and has taken over the Imperial Cup winner, Royal Falcon, to school Gang Warily for the Classics.

ONE more reference to the great fiasco, Tipperary Tim's Grand National, as I have received a number of "bricks" for discrediting Billy Barton, who nearly, but not quite, landed the spoils for U.S.A. Many of my readers consider the American hope as the unlucky horse of the race, some refer to the beautiful French mare, Maguelonne, and others to Great Span. One and all omit the fifteen to twenty horses who were blanked out by the antics of Easter Hero.

ALL credit is due to Mr. Dutton for steering clear of the trouble, but one is fairly safe in suggesting that at least half a dozen of Easter Hero's victims would have finished in front of Tipperary Tim and "Billy." The American 'chaser did not accomplish much in sharing some of the honour with a tubed horse which took 10 minutes 24 seconds to get round.

THE going was ghastly, but no worse than on other occasions. In Troytown's year there was some question of abandoning the race. The Irish 'chaser went through the mud in 10 minutes 20¼ seconds. The so-called one-pace plodders, Master Robert and Jack Horner, got round in 9.40 and 9.36 respectively. Grudon, who won in a snowstorm, with butter "balled" in his plates to prevent the snow caking, jumped the country in 9.47¼.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

Q H Y A E W M T 3 D U I O B

X C K L P Z F G J 2 V N R 8

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be. SORL2ZLAY would read BROADWALK.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, April 11, to Tuesday, April 17.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Aston Villa, Preston, Swansea, Darlington, Swindon, Partick.
5 HOME.—Portsmouth, Manchester C., Preston, Ashington, Swindon.
4 HOME.—West Ham, Leeds, Manchester C., Partick.
3 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Stoke, Tranmere.
3 DRAWS.—Sheffield U. v. Everton, Accrington v. Bradford, Watford v. Southend.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Manchester C., Preston, Swindon, Tranmere, Luton.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Preston, Chelsea, Fulham v. Oldham.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUES I. AND II.).—Aston Villa, Leeds, Manchester C., Preston, Swansea.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 21.

ENGLISH CUP FINAL.
WINNERS.—Blackburn Rovers.
THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Bolton, Cardiff, Everton, Manchester U., Newcastle, Tottenham.
AWAY WINNER.—Portsmouth.
DRAW.—Middlesbrough v. Leicester.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Clapton O., Grimsby, Notts Co., Oldham, Reading, West Bromwich.
AWAY WINNERS.—Leeds, Preston.
DRAWS.—Bristol C. v. Hull, Southampton v. Swansea.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).
HOME WINNERS. — Bradford, Durham, Nelson, Rochdale, Rotherham, Southport, Stockport.
AWAY WINNER.—Doncaster.
DRAW.—Barrow v. Ashington.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern).
HOME WINNERS.—Brentford, Brighton, Crystal Palace, Exeter, Luton, Millwall, Northampton, Southend.
AWAY WINNER.—Plymouth, Swindon.
DRAW.—Norwich v. Queen's Park Rangers.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Clyde, Cowdenbeath, Falkirk, Hibernians, Queen's Park, Glasgow Rangers.
AWAY WINNERS.—Celtic, St. Johnstone.
DRAWS.—Bo'ness v. St. Mirren, Motherwell v. Aberdeen.

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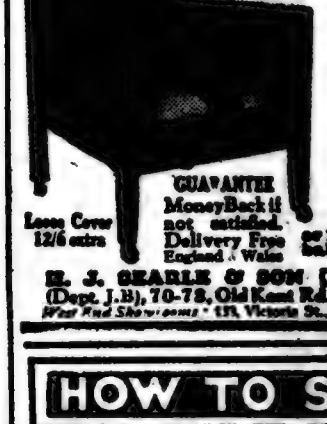

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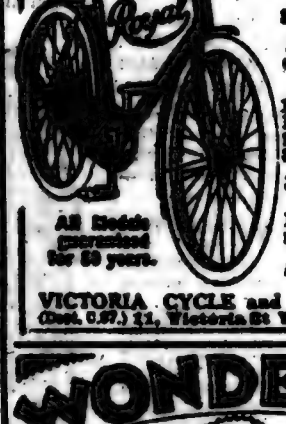

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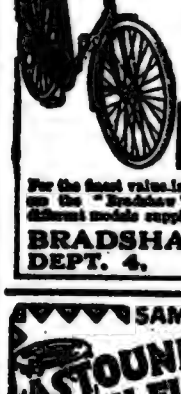

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JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

A. T. (Southsea).—"I lead, others follow." You do this week, anyway.

J. Y. (Norwich).—"He has defamed my character." Sure he hasn't only defined it?

MISS G. (Wimbledon).—"One cannot love too much." But one can love too many.

PIANIST (Birmingham).—"I never had a music lesson in my life." Then you've nobody to blame but yourself.

L. B. (Edmonton).—"She is a film actress and has been married twice." A mere beginner.

N. C. (Yeovil).—"I am the best man the firm has ever turned out." Why were you turned out?

J. D. (Clapham).—"What is the best time to make crazy paving?" When the weather is balmy.

N. P. (Teddington).—"Can a married man live on half the income a bachelor needs?" He has to.

C. C. (Marlow).—"He has beggared himself by buying a motor-car." Where does he park his overdraft?

A. N. (Portsmouth).—"She joined me in a plate of soup." What were you doing in a plate of soup?

A. P. (Dublin).—"When I proposed to her she blushed prettily." She'd probably been rehearsing it for months.

R. E. (Grantham).—"I am writing this letter in a hurry." It looks as if you wrote it in an earthquake.

T. C. R. (Egham).—"I feel sure that I shall live to a ripe old age." Even if you do you'll still be very green.

A. Y. (Salford).—"When I can't sleep at night I write letters to you." It's very unfair. It's not our fault you can't sleep.

N. R. (Chertsey).—"It takes two to make an argument." But a woman only needs a start and then she can carry on unaided.

F. M. (Ivywood).—"The farmer told me he was quite satisfied and had no cause to grumble." We don't know the meaning of that dream.

L. P. (Christchurch).—"I will teach anybody to play the saxophone in a week." What has made you so bitter against the world in general?

R. C. (Nottingham).—"I can't understand what is meant by an aching void. If a void is empty, how can it ache?" Have you never had a headache?

L. M. (Bromley).—"When I was a young man a doctor told me that if I did not stop smoking cigarettes my mental powers would suffer." Then why didn't you?

To be the possessor of a house in these times is quite a good thing, and opportunities for buying are attractively put forward. But there are many snags about to trap the unwary. Before making a decision, consult the experts of JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service. Send particulars (written in ink), with stamped, addressed envelope, and the safe course to follow will be pointed out.*

B. F. T. (Poole).—"I treat others as I would be treated." You must be flush!

T. T. (Luton).—"Do you see any improvement in my letters?" No; if anything they are a little longer.

A. E. F. (Bromley).—"Did you get my letter and enjoy the jokes? They were new ones." Yes. No. Oh? When?

C. R. (Dorset).—"Are women good judges of men?" Good gracious, no! Look at the husbands some of them get.

N. T. (Dover).—"I owed him £50 and sent him a cheque, but he is still bothering me." Perhaps he wants the money.

MISS N. (Goole).—"Men don't interest me. I wonder why." We don't. You don't interest men.

T. B. (Frome).—"I saw him kissing his mother-in-law on the railway station." She was evidently going away.

M. T. (Ongar).—"Will you kindly send me £10?" The answer to your touching letter is in the negative.

E. F. (Radnor).—"I went for a trip abroad and when I came back she was married." Travel is a wonderful thing.

L. A. (Blackpool).—"She looks after the shop herself." It's not every woman who can mind her own business.

S. K. (Teddington).—"I know something that's good for 'flu." We are looking for something that's bad for 'flu.

AUTHOR (Margate).—"Some of my articles are good—some aren't." Send us one that isn't an "aren't."

MRS. B. (Cardiff).—"My husband never takes me out." Why worry so long as he doesn't take you in?

G. C. (Walton).—"Pinch fruit to see if it is ripe." What do you do when you're buying cocoanuts?

F. N. (Watford).—"Why don't you try to understand me?" Why don't you struggle to comprehend us?

W. S. (Stockton).—"My wife makes me light the fire. What must I do?" Light the fire!

J. C. (Bayswater).—"One can get anything on the easy payment plan." Except experience.

L. A. (Bromley).—"My wife has begun to agree with everything I say." We fancy this is the commencement of a campaign for a new spring costume.

MISS T. (Victoria).—"I'd like to go to the dance, but I've got practically nothing to wear." But that's what most girls wear.

PROUD FATHER (Hatfield).—"I learned with joy it was a baby boy." Owing to the importance of the occasion we'll excuse your verse.

A. L. (Coventry).—"As regards love letters I believe in saying it with flowers." That's certainly safer than saying it with ink.

"STUDENT" (Upper Tooting).—"Can you tell me exactly what 'free verse' is?" Yes; it's verse that's free from poetry.

T. C. J. (Gloucester).—"I speak only when I know what I'm talking about." Aren't you afraid of forgetting how to talk?

D. L. (Dunstable).—"It's not fair to be always running down our young motor-cyclists." Any more than it's fair for our young motor-cyclists to be always running down other people.

B. F. (Bognor).—"I don't like your paper." You have appropriate initials.

L. C. (Amersham).—"Women's clothes go to extremes." But not to extremities.

MRS. K. (Wrexham).—"My sister was an early widow." That's the worst of having a late husband.

SEASIDE LANDLADY (Blackpool).—"How can I best fill my apartments?" Fill your lodgers.

B. E. (Bridgend).—"I'm working for all I'm worth just now." About five bob a week?

W. P. (Oxford).—"I am an artist. Sit for me?" We are no hen. We won't.

M. D. (Southend-on-Sea).—"Class hatred is growing less and less." Not according to our schoolboy nephew.

MRS. G. (Grantham).—"My husband always was a fault-finder." Even when he found you?

P. J. (Mitcham).—"The quickness of the hand deceives the eye." That's why there are black eyes.

T. L. (Edmonton).—"My son is pursuing his studies." Is he so far behind them?

T. N. (Taplow).—"I sing to the baby when it cries." Are you sure you don't start first and make it cry?

K. L. (Taunton).—"Summer brings sunshine." Does it? Then last summer was very forgetful.

G. L. (Soho).—"I think I saw you hurriedly getting into a train." Yes, we saw you just in time.

N. P. (Cowes).—"I can always forecast the weather." You evidently have a reliable set of rheumatic twinges.

C. F. (Tiverton).—"Nothing ever comes up in my garden." Plant a few words on a *Bulletin* coupon—they may blossom into a cheque for Five Hundred Guineas.

N. J. (Falmouth).—"I can't think what women's clothes are coming to." Nowhere within reach of the ankles, that's evident.

P. M. (Whitstable).—"A single oyster will produce from one to eight million eggs in a season." Heavens! And what will married ones produce?

MRS. S. (Fishguard).—"He flew in a violent rage when I asked him for my money." We trust you kept calm and collected.

T. B. R. (Kennington).—"I challenge you to a public debate on the land question." At what public are you generally to be found?

T. R. (Glossop).—"You can tell a girl's character by her clothes." Nonsense. Girls have more character than that.

W. N. (Hampstead).—"Can't we come to some amicable arrangement about printing my article?" We can't think amicably about it at all.

L. T. (Sevenoaks).—"Before our marriage he said he would lay down his life for me." And, now, we suppose, it's hard to make him lay down his newspaper to talk to you.

MABEL C. (West Drayton).—"He found fault with my face cream and lipstick, and I fear he is rather good at quarrelling." Still, you seem equally good at making-up.

P. L. (Daventry).—"The weather is balmy." So is your letter.

P. B. (Amersham).—"I am looking for a husband." When did you marry him?

A. H. (Highgate).—"In the spring a young man's fancy——." Is often left at the post.

J. B. (Sudbury).—"Should a married man get insured?" Oh, yes. Her mother is the third party risk.

P. M. (Acton).—"Publish this poem, if you please." We don't please because it doesn't.

C. T. (Brixton).—"I am an actress and have had several long runs." In your stockings?

A. Y. (Dover).—"I used to write tragedies, but now I write poetry." From bad to verse!

D. C. (Raglan).—"It's hard work writing you letters." It's time we both had a well-deserved rest.

T. B. (Lancaster).—"She looked up into my face and sighed." She evidently felt sorry for it.

A. Y. (N. 18).—"I believe in the power of the daily Press." It certainly prevents baggy trousers.

A. W. P. (Bognor).—"Many a man is caught by face powder." But it's baking powder that holds him.

L. M. (Cheam).—"I'll write to you now and again." You have now. Never mind again.

G. K. (Redcar).—"There is an end to all things." Yes, your letter is the last this week, but there are

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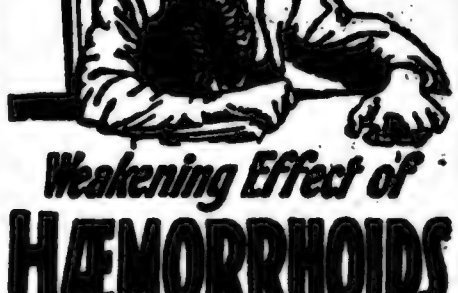

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An ex-Service man, who has been out of work for twelve months owing to slackness in trade, would have been turned out of his home with his wife and six children, the eldest of whom is thirteen and the youngest sixteen months, if we had not helped him to pay off some of his rent arrears.

Another ex-Service man, whose daughter is suffering from epilepsy, could not have availed himself of the offer of a Harley Street specialist to see the girl in a certain hospital had we not provided the fare, which the father, being out of work, had not got.

Temporary relief was sent to the little widowed mother of two babies, one aged seventeen months and the other seven weeks. Her husband died three weeks ago, leaving her totally penniless.

A man who has had a long spell of unemployment was given a helping hand in providing the necessary support to prevent his wife, lately discharged from a mental hospital, from suffering a relapse for want of good food.

A widower, unable to work for the support of his two little ones because he is suffering from a septic wound, was given that which will act as balm to his wound.

Shelter has been provided for out-of-work, disheartened and very weary men, who had been tramping the streets by day without food, and sleeping out.

That so much, at any rate, has been accomplished is due to the fact that some of JOHN BULL's readers have tender hearts and have stretched out a hand to succour the families of those men who they have not forgotten helped to save themselves and their families.

That numerous appeals for help have to go unhelped is because, alas! so many do not respond to the cry of those in distress.

But it is never too late to wake up and make up for past neglect by sending liberally now to JOHN BULL's Fund, which bears the beautiful name, "The Greatest of These—."

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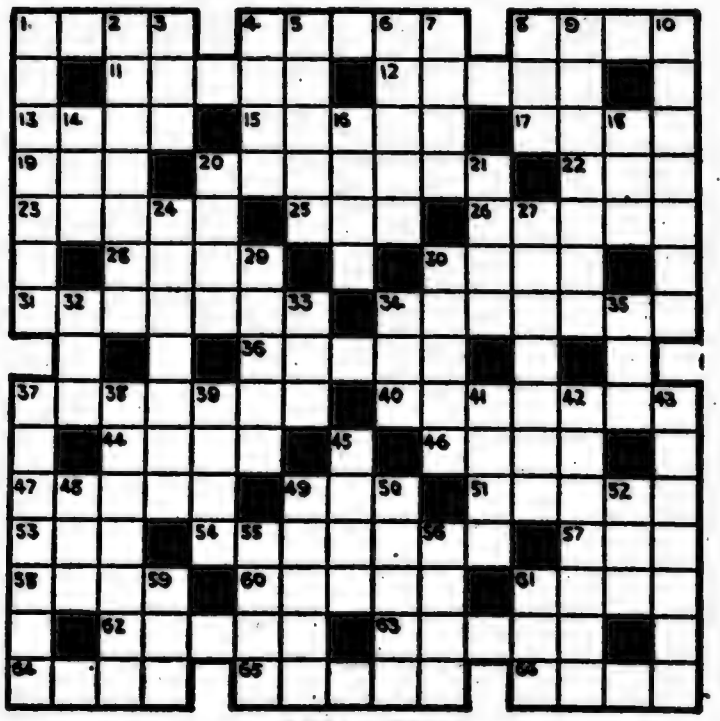
Our Cross-Word Corner

What is Hot Stuff?



CLUES ACROSS

1. Repair.
4. Wanderer.
8. A file.
11. Kind of duck.
12. Common-sense.
13. Similar.
15. To concede.
17. Species of barley.
19. Fasten.
20. House of Commons' official.
22. A nip.
23. Wilful burning.
25. A cereal.
26. Kind of lyric.
28. A god.
30. S. American Republic.
31. To violate an order.
34. Declined.
36. Not at any time.
37. A security.
40. To deviate.
44. Destruction.
46. Narrow highway.
47. A frolic.
49. End.
51. Vapid.
53. Border.
54. Hairy.
57. Noise.
58. First man.
60. Swiss Canton.
61. Contended.
62. Increasing strength.
63. Fine material.
64. The sea.
65. Cut.
66. Old.

CLUES DOWN

1. Hot stuff.
2. Retribution.
3. Expire.
4. Low.
5. Sequence.
6. Similar.
7. Foolishly fond.
8. Breast bone.
9. Sour.
10. Make believe.
14. Atmosphere.
16. Irish county.
18. A bar.
20. Would-be aristocrat.
21. Range of rocks.
24. Smelly.
27. Wise.
29. Russian revolutionary
30. Danger.
32. Wrath.
33. Although.
34. Colour.
35. Urge.
37. Rob.
38. Chief ecclesiast.
39. Indian soldier.
41. Ornament.
42. Biscuit town.
43. Corrected.
45. Omit.
48. Relieved.
49. Vestige.
50. Vibration.
52. Untruth.
55. Stork-like bird.
56. Rend.
59. To wipe.
61. By way of.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 12.

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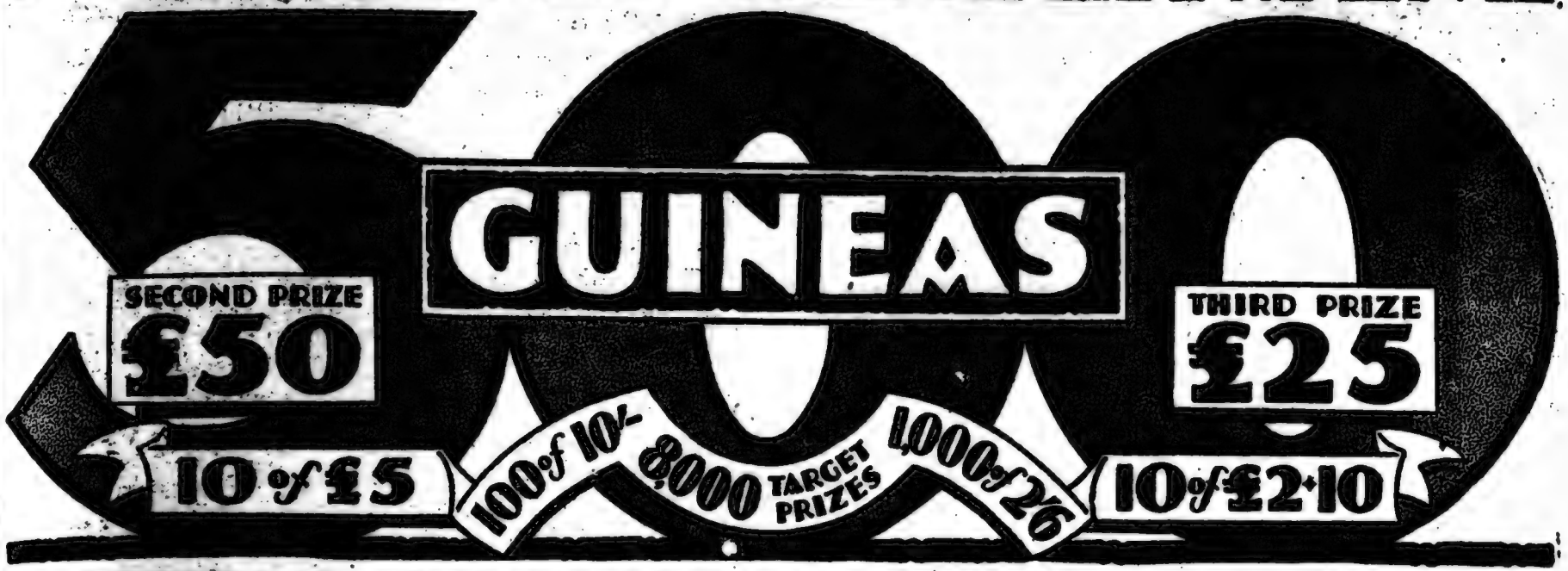

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M. SNOWDON, 42, South Parks Road, Oxford.
LITTLE RASCAL—FIND "BENT"—HE'LL "STRAIGHTEN."
G. TWEED, c/o 6, Dillwyn Street, Ipswich.
NO MOTHER—REASON DAUGHTER'S NO MOTHER.
(Entered on "Targets" Prize coupon.)
S. P. WALPALE, 33, Cromwell Road, Grimsby.
WILD OATS—UNFORTUNATELY DISPLACED RUSSIA'S WHEAT.

10 Prizes of £4 each:
H. ADAMS, 52, Childebert Road, Upper Tooting.
LITTLE RASCAL—HIS *Parents* HAVE "CONVULSIONS."
BICKLEY, 261, Neville Road, Upton Park, E.
KEEPING FAITH—NATION'S MOVING ARMAMENTS "MOUNTAIN."
CLIFTON, 8, Brownlow Street, Grantham.
ADVERTISING — BEAUTY PREPARATIONS — LANDSCAPES SPOILT.
H. DALLAS, The Hut, Cop Lane, Penwortham.
NOT MUCH GOOD—COMMERCIALLY, LUCK CONQUERING ATLANTIC.
HOWARD, 156, Chesterton Road, Cambridge.
NEVER HOUSEWIFE—MADE *Husband* LASTLIFE-TIME.

(Continued on page 2.)

How To Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets.* All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. The following specimen "Bullets" have all won big prizes:—

Example :—ARMY AND NAVY
Bullet :—MAKE MEN—DESTROY MANKIND.
Example :—MODERN BABY
Bullet :—*About Runs* THE HOUSE.
Example :—SWORD OF JUSTICE
Bullet :—LET'S MAKE LEAGUE'S PEN.

Enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used—*see Rule 2.*

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" 673.

WOMAN'S WORLD
WHERE MONEY COMES FROM
THE POST OFFICE
EXHAUSTED
WHAT THE SNOB SAID
TALKING BUSINESS
WHEN FATHER SAYS "NO!"
FOR OUR PAINS
GOING WRONG
FRIENDS
CONQUERING THE AIR
MECHANICALLY
GETTING ONE IN
"HANDS UP!"
JOB WORTH HAVING
IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING
ACTS OF PARLIAMENT
PERSEVERANCE
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME
WHEN SHE STOPS
DOING HIS BEST
GOING TO THE COUNTRY
SEX WAR
WON'T WORRY ME
HER FAVOURITE
HEARTLESS
LIKE BROTHERS
LADY DOCTOR
MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE
IF I COULD
UNPLEASANT TRUTH
WHAT IS A RACE?

☞ **Address Coupons :—"Bullets" No. 673, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, April 19.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(673) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, April 19.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(673) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

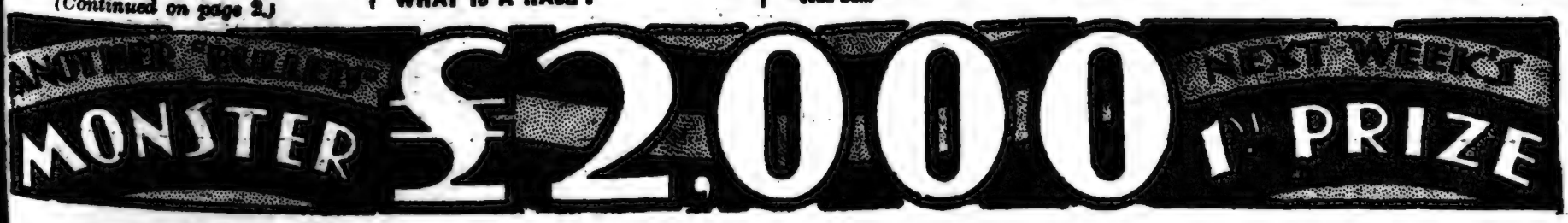
Use Two, Three or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, April 19.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(673) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, April 19.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(673). P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 673 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."



The Sketch

No. 872.—Vol. LXVIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1909. SIXPENCE.

THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.

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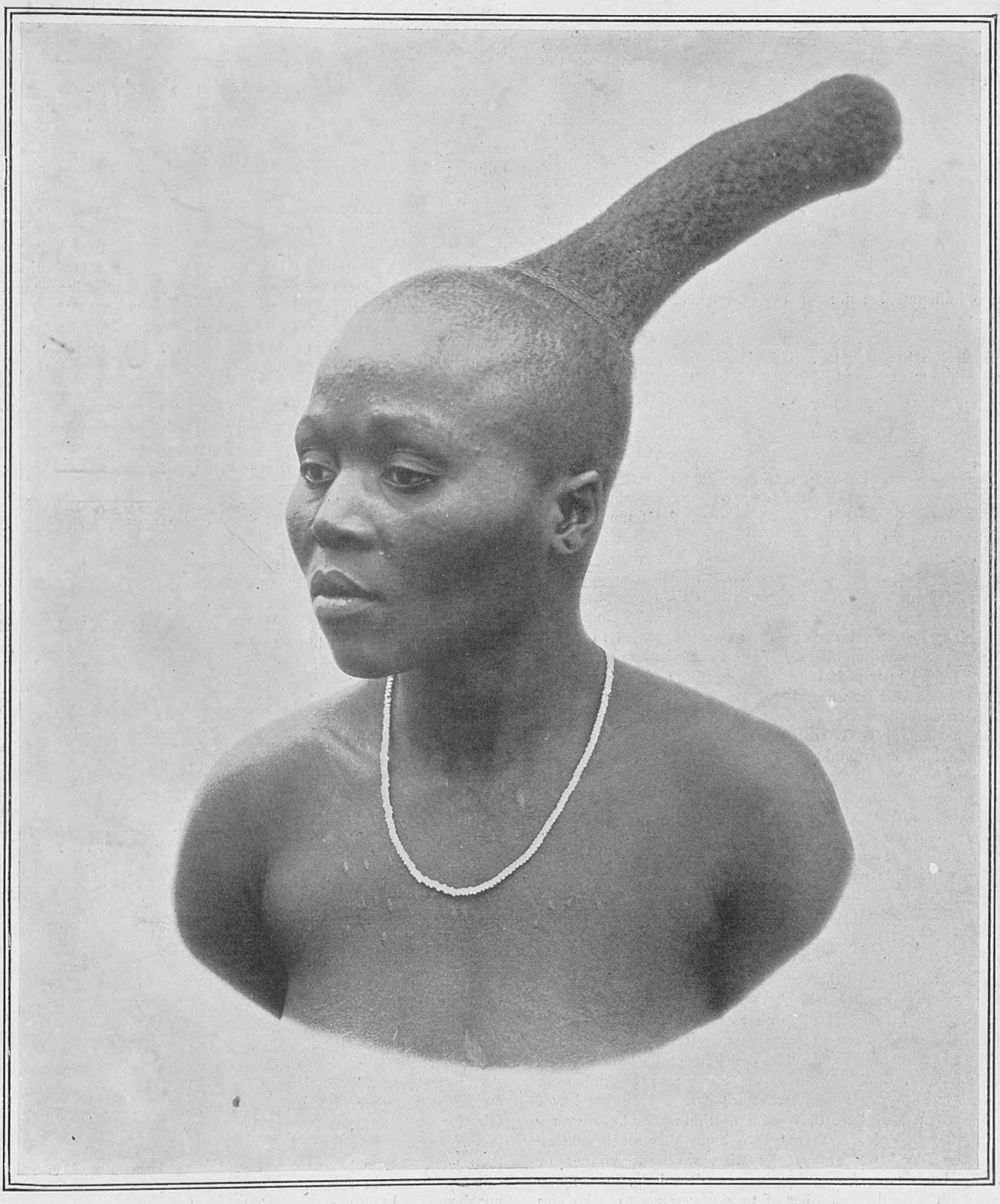

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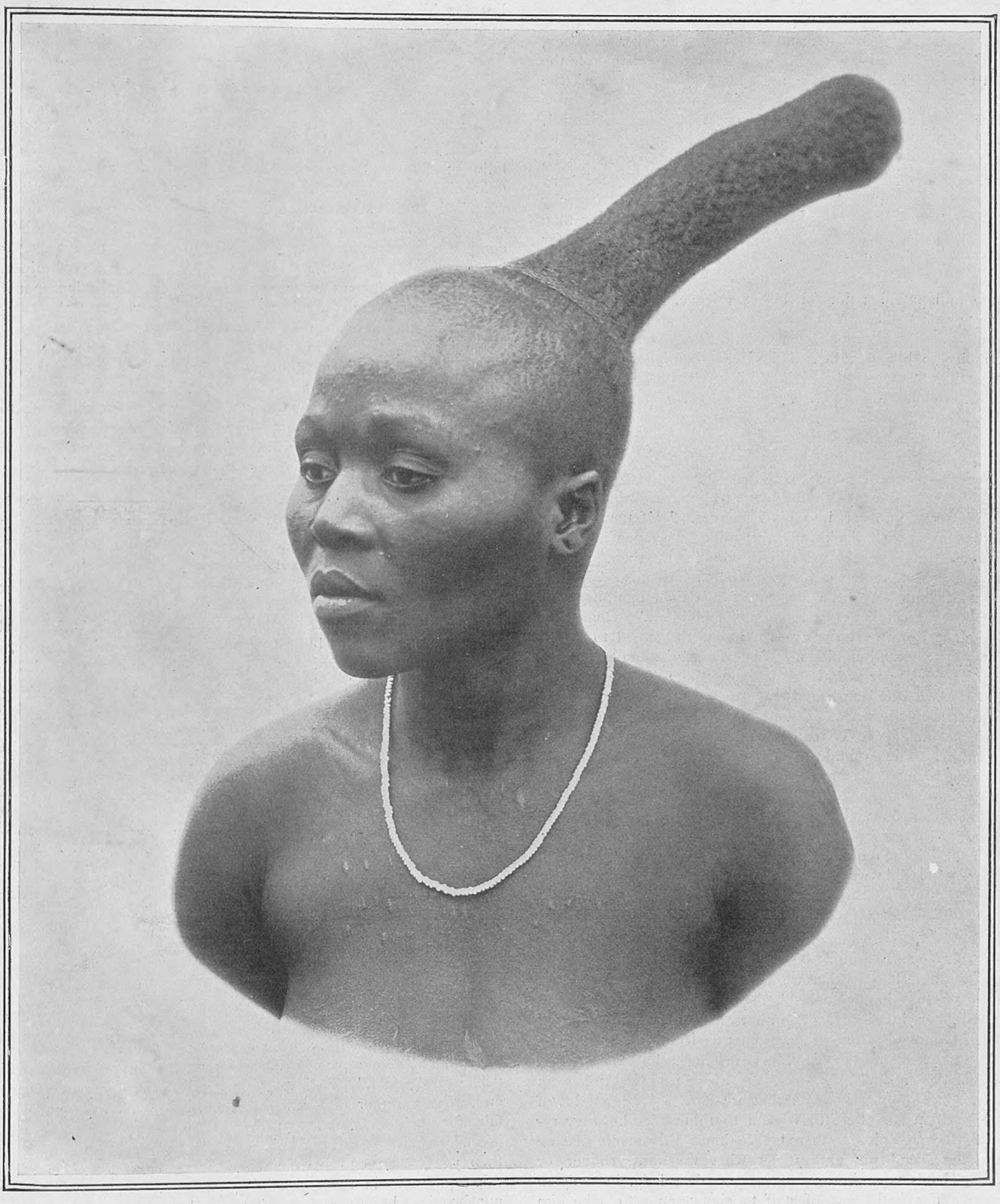

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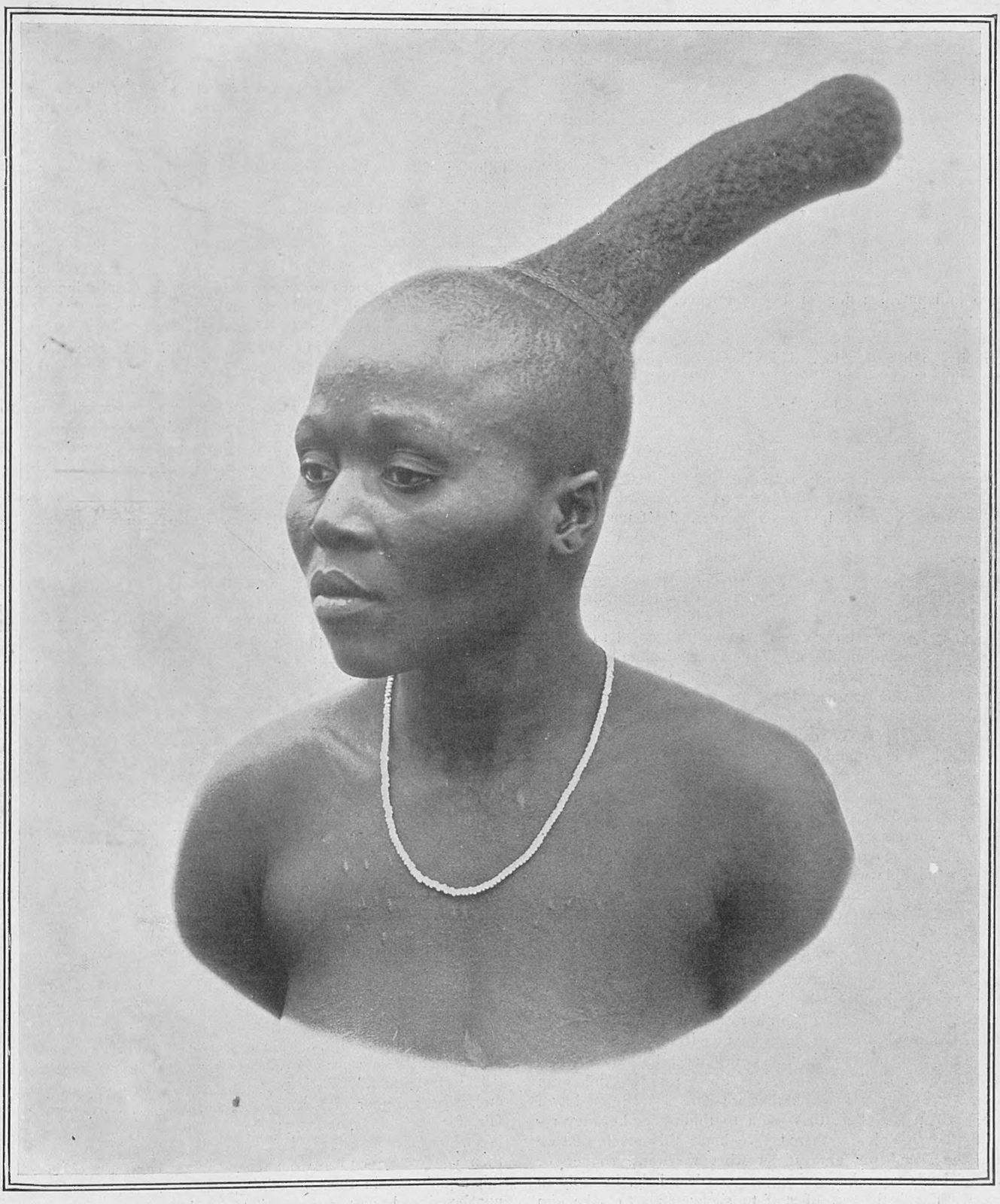

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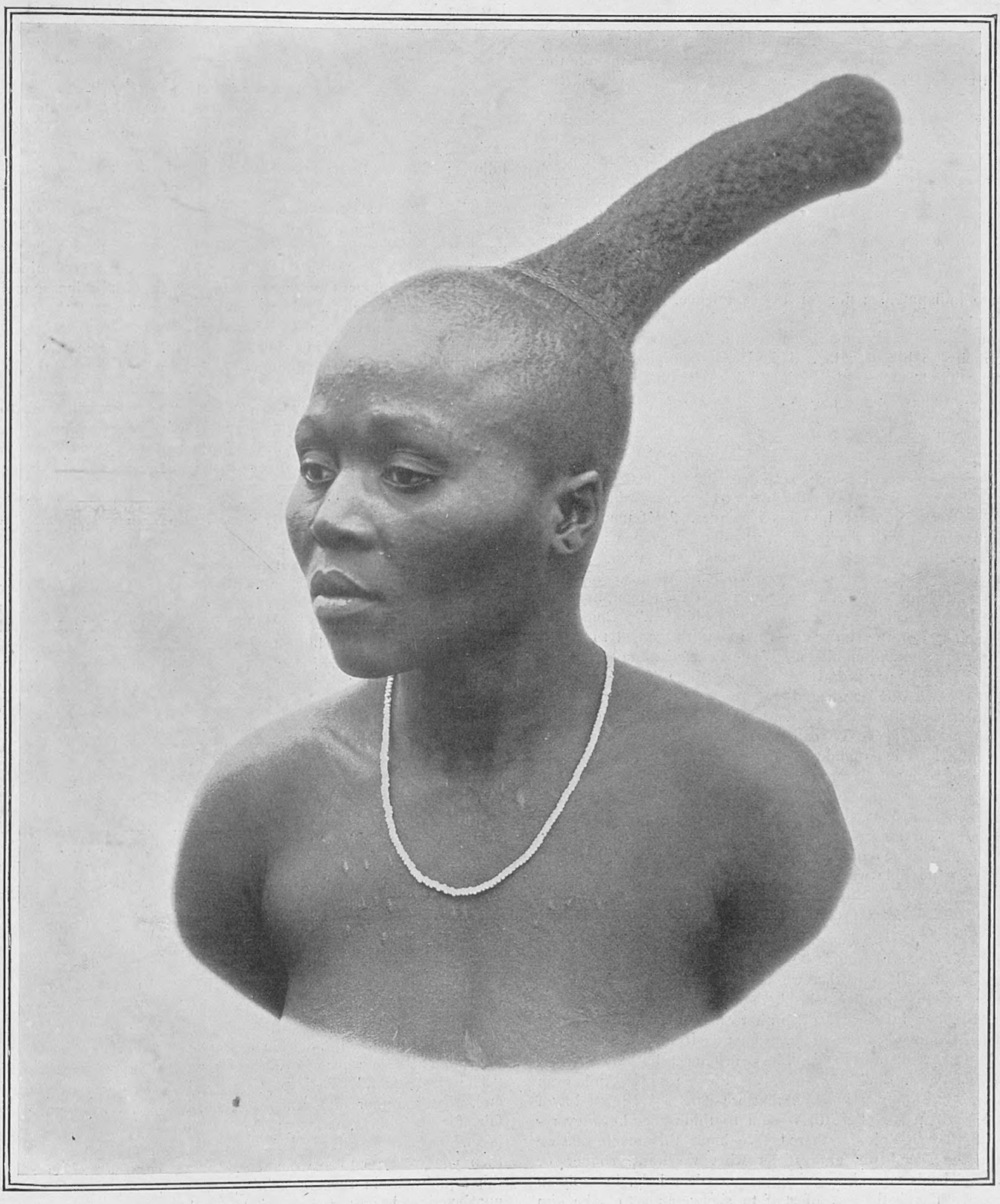

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